

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fontis aquam.



AT LONDON
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to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Béare. 1600.





TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND,
Maister Iohn Bodenham.

WIts Common-wealth, the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on Wits Theater, thy second Sonne :
By both of which; I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.

Next, in the Muses Garden, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a Nosegay, as was neuer sweeter :
Whose sent will saour to Times latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.

Now comes thy Helicon, to make compleate
And furnish vp thy last impos'd designe :
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me :
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

A. 3.

To



To his very louing friends, M. Nicholas
Wanton, and M. George Faucet.
(...)

THough many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder
vs (kinde Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting, dooth
in iustice claime performance, and assurance of gen-
tle acceptance, would mightilie condemne me if I should
neglect it. Helicon, though not as I could wish, yet in
such good sort as time would permit, hauing past the pikes
of the Presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightfull
Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen)
to offer you her kinde seruice. If shee speede well there, it
is all shee requires, if they frowne at her beere, she greatly
not cares: for the wise (shee knowes) will neuer be other
then them selues, as for such then as would seeme so, but
neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a maine prin-
ciple; that their malice neede as little be feared, as their
fauour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will
not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull
of you beere. I leaue you to the delight of Englands He-
licon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.



To the Reader, if indifferent.

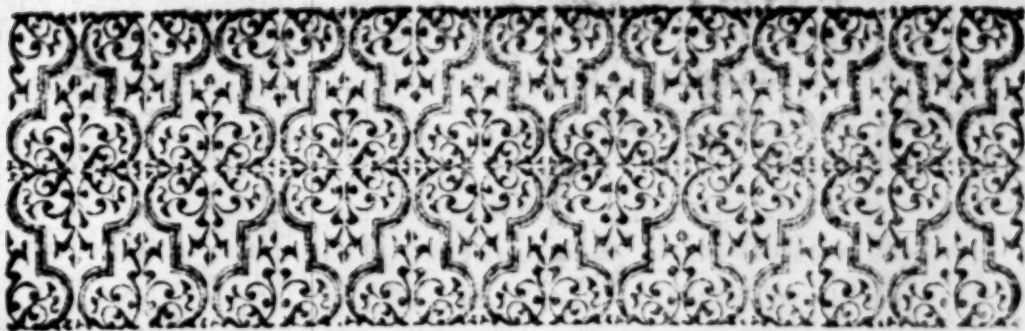
MAny honoured names haue heretofore (in their particular interest,) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not inferiour (in the best opinions) to any before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another mans title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any mans name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his Poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any Stationer shall finde faulte, that his Coppies are robd by any thing in this Collection, let me aske him this question, VVhy more in this, then in any Diuine or humaine Authour: From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similitude, or example, his name put to it who is the Authour of the same. This is the simplest
of

To the Reader.

of many reasons that I could vrge, though perhaps the needest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my selfe, to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meener man in the eye of the world, shal be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred Name) haue beene placed with the names of the greatest Princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a Poet. Thus gentle Reader I wish thee all happines.

L. N.



*James
Wolfe
not bare*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Shepheard to his chosen Nymph.

O Nely ioy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care :
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke,
Daunger hence good care dooth keepe
Iealousie it selfe dooth sleepe.

Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoake to loose or binde,
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to enclose,
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none can vs spie.

Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

B.

That

ENGLANDS HELICON.

That you heard was but a Mousse,
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house,
Yet a-sleepe me thinks they say,
Young folkes, take time while you may.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay, ere he graunt the same,
(Sweet then) while each thing dooth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and Curtaines spred,
She thinks you doo Letters write,
Write, but let me first indite.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweete (alas) why faine you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs.
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and you doo sweare
Me to hate, but I forbear,
Curst be my destenies all,
That brought me to so high a fall.
Soone with my death I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

THEORELLO.

A Sheepheards Edillion.

YOU Sheepheards which on hillocks sit,
like Princes in their throanes?
And guide your flocks, which else would flit
your flocks of little ones:
Good Kings haue not disdained it,
but Sheepheards haue beene named:
A sheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,
for people well reclaimed.
The Sheepheards life so honour'd is and praised:
That Kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The Sommer Sunne hath gilded faire,
with morning rayes the mountaines:
The birds doo caroll in the ayre,
and naked Nymphs in Fountaines.
The *Siluanes* in their shagged haire,
with *Hamadriades* trace:
The shadie *Satires* make a Quiere,
which rocks with Echoes grace.
All breathe delight, all solace in the season:
Not now to sing, were enemie to reason.

Cosma my Loue, and more then so,
the life of mine affections:
Nor life alone, but Lady too,
and Queene of their directions.
Cosma my Loue, is faire you know,
and which you Sheepheards know not:
Is (*Sophi* said) thence called so,
but names her beauty shoue not.
Yet hath the world no better name then she:
And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head stands,
(or ieuell Sunne-like glorious)

B. 2.

Her

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her fore-head wrought with *Ioues* owne hands,
for heauenly white notorious.

Her golden lockes like *Hermus* sands,
(or then bright *Hermus* brighter:)

A spangled Cauill binds in with bands,
then siluer morning lighter.

And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies:
No other starres then Planets are her eyes.

Her cheekc her lip, fresh cheekc, more fresh,
then selfe-blowne buds of Roses:

Rare lip, more red then those of flesh,
which thousand sweetes encloses:

Sweet breath, which all things dooth refresh,
and words than breath farre sweeter:

Cheekc firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,
as substance which is fleeter.

In praise doo not surmount, although in placing:
Her christall necke, round breast, and armes embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
is not so perfect cleare:

As is the skie of her faire skinne,
whereon no spots appeare.

The parts which ought not to be seene,
for soueraigne woorth excell:

Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
and all in her are well.

Long Iuorie hands, legges straighter then the Pine:
Well shapen feete, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Sheepheardesse,
but rather like a Queene:

Her mantle dooth the formes expresse,
of all which may be seene.

Roabe fitter for an Empresse,
then for a Sheepheards loue:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse,
as Emperours doth moue.
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother,
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (and who else but *Ioue*)
embroidered the same :
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought :
Of vvood-Gods, and of euery groaue,
and all which else was ought.
Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth noate ?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her anckle trailes :
Through which the shapes discerned bin,
as too and fro it failes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to search her wonders out :
Of monsters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment seemes :
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes ?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes :
Citties among the Country bowers,
vvhich smiling Sun-shine crownes.
Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers,
as th'earth when frosts are gone :
Besprinckled are with Orient showers
of hayle and pebble stone.
Her feature peerelesse, peerelesse her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

O who can sing her beauties best,
or that remaines vnſung?
Doe thou *Apollo* tune the reſt,
vnworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her, is to be bleſt,
ſo wondrous fayre her face is;
Her fairenes cannot be expreſt,
in *Goddesses* nor *Graces*.
I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her ſtature.

On thee (*ô Cosma*) will I gaze,
and reade thy beauties euer:
Delighting in the bleſſed maze,
which can be ended neuer.
For in the luſter of thy rayes,
appeares thy parents brightnes:
Who himſelfe infinite diſplaies
in thee his proper greatnes.
My ſong muſt end, but neuer my deſire:
For *Cosmas* face is *Theorelles* fire.

FINIS.

E. B.

Aſtrophels Lone is dead.

Ring out your belles, let mourning ſhewes be ſpread,
For Lone is dead.
All loue is dead infected
With plague of deepe diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a ſmall frenzie,
From them that yſe men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it saide
That Loue is dead?

His death-bed Peacocks follie,
His winding sheete is shame:
His will false, seeming holie,
His sole exectour blame.

From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals richly read,
For Loue is dead.

And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,
My Mistresse marble hart:
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his Dart.

From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this error bred,
Loue is not dead.

Loue is not dead, but sleepeth
In her vnmatched minde:
Where shee his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert she find.

Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a frenzie,
Who loue can temper thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS.

Sir. Phil. Sidney.

S.A.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

A Palinode.

As withereth the Primrose by the riuer,
As fadeth Sommers-sunne from gliding fountaines;
As vaniseth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth snow vpon the mossie Mountaines.
So melts, so vaniseth, so fades, so withers,
The Rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow,
Of praise, pompe, glorie, ioy (which short life gathers,)
Faile praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered Primrose by the mourning riuer,
The faded Sommers-sunne from weeping fountaines:
The light-blowne bubble, vanished for euer,
The molten snow vpon the naked mountaines,
Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,
Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snowe, whose lawne did ouer-spread
Th'ambitious hills, which Giant-like did threat
To pierce the heauen with theyr aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie seate.
When as the bubble, which did emptie flie
The daliance of the vndiscerned winde:
On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
Hath shipwrack made, where it did daliance finde:
And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,
Cullourd the bubble with a pleasant varie,
And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,
Swarth cloudes with-drawne (which longer time doe tarie)
Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so
As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or snow?

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ Astrophell

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Astrophell the Sheepheard, his complaint to
his flocke.*

GOe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding:
Where yee may haue some defence
From the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe,
can abide to keepe no measure:
Merry Flocke, such one forgoe
vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
onely ritch in mischiefs treasure.

Yet (alas) before you goe,
heare your wofull Maisters Storie:
Which to stones I else would shoue,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie:
when tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest Sheepheardeste,
fiercest, but yet fairest euer:
Stella, whom the heauens still blesse,
though against me she perseuer,
though I blisse, inherite neuer.

Stella, hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to be,
Then can in good by vs be moued:
Towards Lambkins best beloued.

Stella, hath refused me,
Astrophell that so well serued.
In this pleasant Spring must see
while in pride flowers be preserued:
himselſe onely Winter-serued.

C.

Why

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Why (alas) then dooth she sweare,
that she loueth me so dearely :
Seeing me so long to beare
coales of loue that burne so clearely :
and yet leaue me helplesse meereley ?

Is that loue ? Forsooth I trow,
if I saw my good dogge greeued :
And a helpe for him did know,
my Loue should not be beleued :
but he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away,
faigning loue, somewhat to please me :
Knowing, if she should display
all her hate, Death soone would seaze me :
and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,
but (alas) if in your straying,
Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
tell her in your pittious blaying :
her poore slaues vniust decaying.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ Hobbinolls *Dittie in prayse of Eliza Queene of the*
Shepheards.

Yee dainty Nymphs that in this blessed Brooke
Doo bath your brest ;
Forfake your watry Bowers, and hether looke
At my request.

And you faire Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well :

Helpe

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sexe dooth all excell.

Of faire *Eliza* be your siluer song,
That blessed wight :
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long,
In Princely plight :
For shee is *Sirinx* daughter, without spot,
Which *Pan* the Sheepheards God on her begot :
So sprung her Grace,
Of heauenly race :
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
O seemely sight :
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,
With Daffadills and Damaske Roses set,
Bay leaues betweene,
And Primeroses greene :
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face,
Like *Phæbe* faire ?
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,
Can well compare
The red-Rose medled and the vvhite yfere,
In eyther cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there ?

I saw *Phæbus* thrust out his golden head,
On her to gaze :
But when he saw how broade her beames did spread :
It did him maze.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

He blusht to see an other Sunne below,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-show :
Let him if he dare
His brightnes compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy selfe *Cinthia* with thy siluer rayes,
And be not abasht,
When she the beames of her beauty displayes,
Oh how art thou dasht ?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such folly great sorrow to *Niobe* did breede,
Now is she a stone,
And makes deadly moane,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
Such a Bellibone :
And *Sirinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot
To beare such a one.
Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke-white Lamb.
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her Shepheards Swaine,
Albe for-swonck and for-swat I am.

I see *Caliope* speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines :
And after her the other Muses trace
With their Violines.
Bin they not Baie-branches which they doo beare :
All for *Eliza* in her hand to weare ?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the *Graces* can it foote,
to the Instrument :

They

ENGLANDS HELICON.

They dauncen deffely, and singen soote
In their merriment.

Wants not a fourth *Grace* to make the daunce euen ?

Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.

Shée shall be a *Grace*,

To fill the fourth place,

And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright,
Ranged in a roe ?

They been all Ladies of the Lake behight

That vnto her goe:

Chloris, that is the chiefe Nymph of all,

Of Oliue-branches beares a Coronall :

Oliues beene for peace

When warres doo surcease,

Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine.

With Gillyflowers

Bring sweet Carnations, and Sops in vvine,

Worne of Paramours.

Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,

And Cowslips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies,

The pretty Pounce,

And the Cheuisaunce,

Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Shepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,

Hie you there a pace,

Let none come there but such as Virgins beene,

To adorne her Grace.

And when you come where as she is in place :

See that your rudenes doo not you disgrace.

Bind your Fillets fast,

And gird on your wast :

For more finenesse with a Tawdrie lace.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Now rise vp *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
In royall ray :
And now ye dainty Damsels may depart,
Each one her way.
I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long :
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her Song.
And if you come hether,
When Damzins I gather
I will part them all, you among.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *The Shepheards Daffadill.*

GOrbo, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my *Daffadill*?

Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene,
The colour Maydes delight,
And neuer hath her Beauty scene
But through a vayle of white.

Then Roses richer to behold,
That dresse vp Louers Bowers,
The Pansie and the Marigold
Are *Phæbus* Paramoures.

Thou well describ'st the *Daffadill*,
It is not full an hower
Since by the Spring neere yonder hill
I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didst not meete,
Nor newes of her doest bring,

Yet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Yet is my *Daffadill* more sweete
Then that by yonder Spring.

I saw a Sheepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A vvreath of *Daffadillies*.

Yet *Gorbo* : thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see.
For know; my pretty *Daffadill*
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew it selfe but neere her seate
No Lilly is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did passe
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking Bonny-lasse,
They call her *Daffadill*.

Whose presence as a-long she went
The pretty flowers did greete,
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the Sheepheards that were nie,
From top of euery hill;
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie,
There goes sweet *Daffadill*.

I gentle Sheepheard now with ioy
Thou all my flock doest fill :
Come goe with me thou Sheepheards boy,
Let vs to *Daffadill*.

FINIS.

Michael Drayton.

A Can-

ENGLANDS HELICON.

A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.

A Las what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,
Can wee poore wee embrace,
When euery bird on euery branch can sing
Naught but this note of woe alas?
Alas this note of woe why should we sound?
With vs as May, September hath a prime,
Then birds and branches your alas is fond,
Which call vpon the absent Sommer time:
For did flowres make our May
Or the Sun-beames your day.
When Night and Winter did the vworld embrace,
Well might you waile your ill and sing alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her selfe attires
In habite graue,
Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the brires,
Yet we a Sommer haue,
Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,
Which bloomes can on the briers saue.
No Ice dooth christallize the running Brooke,
No blast deflowres the flowre-adorned field,
Christall is cleere, but cleerer is the looke,
Which to our climes these liuing fires dooth yield:
Winter though euery where
Hath no abiding heere:
On Brooks and Brires she doth rule alone,
The Sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

FINIS.

Edmund Bolton.

Melicer-

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Melicertus Madrigale.

WHat are my Sheepe, without their wonted food?
What is my life, except I gaine my Loue?
My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost vnlesse I *Grace* approue.
No flower that saplesse thriues,
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, vnlesse they beauty see:
My Sonne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know,
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the hart reuiues,
Then to embrace his Deare.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,
Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.
So wends the source of loue,
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,
Admire her hart, desire to tast her kisses:
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lyes,
Without them, euery hope his succour misses.
Oh how I liue to prooue,
Whereto this solace tends?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Olde Damons Pastorall.*

From Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,
wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding :
None of *Damon* more belou'd,
feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse vvorldlings. outrage quelleth
all the pride and pompe of Cittie :
But true peace with Shepheards dwelleth,
(Shepheards who delight in pittie.)
Whether grace of heauen betideth,
on our humble minds such pleasure :
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
loue and faith is Shepheards treasure.
On the lower Plaines the thunder
little thrives, and nought preuaileth :
Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,
and the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
threatneth Kings, not Shepheards humble :
Age makes silly Swaines delirant,
thirst of rule garres great men stumble.
What to other seemeth sorrie,
abiect state and humble biding :
Is our ioy and Country glorie,
highest states haue worse betiding.
Golden cups doo harbour poyson,
and the greatest pompe, dissembling :
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
treason haunts in most assembling.

Homely breasts doo harbour quiet,
little feare, and mickle solace :
States suspect their bed and diet,
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Little would I, little want I,
 where the mind and store agreeth,
Smallest comfort is not scantie,
 least he longs that little seeth.
Time hath beene that I haue longed,
 foolish I, to like of follie :
To conuerse where honour thronged,
 to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow
 that the day consum'd, returns not :
Who dare trust vpon to morrow,
 when nor time, nor life sojournes not ?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay.

IT fell vpon a holy-Eue,
 hey hoe holy-day :
When holy-Fathers wont to shriue,
 now ginneth this Roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
 hey hoe the hie hill :
The while my flocke did feede thereby,
 the while the Shepheards selfe did spill.

I saw the bouncing Bellybone,
 hey hoe Bonny-bell :
Tripping ouer the Dale alone,
 shee can trip it very well.
Well decked in a Frock of gray,
 hey hoe gray is greete :
And in a Kirtle of greene Say,
 the greene is for Maydens meete.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

A Chaplet on her head she wore,
hey hoe the Chaplet:
Of sweet Violets therein was store,
she's sweeter then the Violet.
My Sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
hey hoe silly Sheepe:
And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
vvood as he that did them keepe.

As the Bony-lasse passed by,
hey hoe Bony-lasse:
Shee rold at me with glauncing eye,
as cleare as the Christall-glasse.
All as the Sunnie-beame so bright,
hey hoe the Sun-beame:
Glaunceth from *Phæbus* face forth right,
so loue into my hart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
hey hoe the thunder:
Wherein the lightsome leuin shrouds,
so cleaues my soule a-sunder.
Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer ray,
hey hoe the moone-light:
Vpon the glistering vvaue doth play,
such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my hart did glide,
hey hoe the glider:
There with my soule was sharply gride,
such wounds soone wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
hey hoe *Perigot*:
I left the head in my hart roote,
it was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
hey hoe the arrow:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Ne can I finde salue for my sore,
loue is a curelesse sorrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
hey hoe heauie cheere :
Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,
so you may buy gold too deere.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
hey hoe pinching paine :
Or thrue in wealth, she shall be mine,
but if thou can her obtaine.
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye
hey hoe gracelesse greefe :
Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,
let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
hey hoe the faire flocke :
For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,
and moane with many a mocke.
So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day :
That euer since my hart did greeue,
now endeth our Roundelay.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *Phillida and Coridon.*

IN the merry moneth of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Foorth I walked by the Wood side,
When as May was in his pride :

There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.

Much a-doo there was God wot,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

He would loue, and she would not.
She sayd neuer man was true,
He sayd, none was false to you.
He sayd, he had lou'd her long,
She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kille her then,
She said, Maides must kisse no men,
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the Sheepheard call
All the heauens to witnesse truth:
Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly Sheepheards vse,
When they will not Loue abuse;
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded.
And *Phyllida* with garlands gay:
Was made the Lady of the May.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ To Colin Cloute.

Beaurie fate bathing by a Spring,
where fayrest shades did hide her.
The winds blew calme, the birds did sing,
the coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
to see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
so, vaine Desire was chidden.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
when fond imagination:

Seemed

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Seemed to see, but could not tell
her feature or her fashion.
But euen as Babes in dreames doo smile,
and sometime fall a weeping :
So I awakt, as wise this while,
as when I fell a sleeping.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

FINIS.

Sheepheard Tonie.

¶ Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beta.

O Thou siluer Thames, ô clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phenix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of Virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of floods shalt be.

Let all the Nymphs be ioyfull then, to see this happy day :
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subiect of my Lay.

With dainty and delightfull straines of sweetest Virelayes,
Come louely Sheepheards sit we down, & chaunt our Betas praise.
And let vs sing so rare a verse,
Our Betas praises to rehearse :
That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore Sheepheards sing :
And Riuer backward bend their course, & flow vnto the spring.

Range all thy Swannes faire Thames together on a ranke :
And place them duly one by one vpon thy stately banke.
Then set together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood :
And craue the tunefull Nightingale to helpe ye with her Lay ;
The Osell and the Thrustlecocke, chiefe musique of our May.

O see what troupes of Nymphs been sporting on the strands,
And they been blessed Nymphs of peace, with Olines in their hands.
How merrily the Muses sing,

That

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*That all the flowrie meadowes ring
And Beta sits upon the banke in purple and in pall,
And she the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Coronall.*

*Trim vp her golden tresses with Apollos sacred tree,
O happy sight vnto all those that loue and honour thee,
The blessed Angels haue prepar'd
A glorious crowne for thy reward?
Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar weares:
But such a glittering starrie crowne as Ariadne beares.*

*Make her a goodly Chaplet of azurd Cullumbine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
Bedeck our Beta all with Lillies.
And the dainty Daffaillies,
With Roses Damaske, white and red, and fairest flowre-Delice:
With Cowslips of Ierusalem, and Cloanes of Paradise.*

*O thou faire Torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cinthia, the glory of the night.
You starres the eyes of heauen,
And thou the glyding leuen,
And thou o gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed:
When she streames foorth her rayes, then dast is all your pride.*

*See how the Day stands still, admiring of her face,
And Time loe stretcheth foorth his armes thy Beta to embrace.
The Sirens sing sweete Layes,
The Trytons sound her prayse,
Goe passe on Thames, and hie thee fast vnto the Ocean Sea:
And let thy billowes there proclaime thy Betas holy-day.*

*And water thou the blessed roote of that greene Oline tree,
With whose sweete shadow all thy bancks with peace preserued be.
Laurell for Poets and Conquerours:
And Mirtle for Loues Paramours.
That fame may be thy fruite, the boughs preserued by peace,
And let the mournfull Cypres die, now stormes and tempests cease.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Weele strew the shoare with pearle, where Beta walks a-lone,
And we will paue her Princely Bower with richest Indian stone.
Perfume the ayre, and make it sweete,
For such a Goddesse it is meete.
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titans light:
No mervaille then, although they so doo dazell humane sight.

Sound out your Trumpets then from Londons stately Towers,
To beate the stormie winds a-backe, and calme the raging showers.
Set to the Cornet and the Flute,
The Orpharion and the Lute:
And tune the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons:
And moone the thunder in the ayre with lowdest Clarions.

Beta, long may thine Altars smoake with yeerely sacrifice,
And long thy sacred temples may their Sabaoths solemnise.
Thy Shepheards watch by day and night,
Thy Maides attend the holy light,
And thy large Empire stretch her armes from East unto the West:
And Albion on the Appenines aduance her conquering crest.

FINIS. Mich. Drayton.

¶ The Barginet of Antimachus.

I N pride of youth, in midst of May,
When birds with many a merry Lay,
salute the Sunnes vp-rising:
I fate me downe fast by a Spring,
And while these merry Chaunters sing,
I fell vpon surmizing.
Amidst my doubt and minds debate,
Of change of time, of vworlds estate,
I spyed a boy attired
In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
Saue pretty feathers fit for flight,

E.

Where-

ENGLANDS HELICON.

wherewith he still aspired.

A bowe he bare to worke mens wrack,

A little Quiuer at his back,

with many arrowes filled:

And in his soft and pretty hand,

He held a liuely burning brand,

where-with he Louers killed.

Fall by his side, in rich aray,

There sat a louely Lady gay,

his mother as I guessed:

That set the Lad vpon her knee,

And trimd his bowe, and taught him flee,

and mickle Loue professed.

Oft from her lap at sundry stoures,

He leapt, and gathered Sommer flowres,

both Violets and Roses:

But see the chaunce that followed fast,

As he the pompe of prime dooth wast,

before that he supposes:

A Bee that harbour'd hard thereby,

Did sting his hand, and made him crye

Oh Mother, I am wounded:

Faire Venus that beheld her Sonne,

Cryed out alas, I am vndone,

and there-vpon she swoounded.

My little Lad the Goddesse sayd,

Who hath my Cupid so dismayd?

he answered: Gentle Mother

The hony-worker in the Hiue,

My greefe and mischief dooth contriue,

alas it is none other.

Shee kist the Lad: Now marke the chaunce,

And straite she fell into a traunce,

and crying, thus concluded:

Ah wanton boy, like to the Bee,

Thou with a kisse hast wounded me,

and haplesse Loue included

A little Bee dooth thee affright,

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But ah, my wounds are full of spright,
and cannot be recured:
The boy that kist his Mothers paine,
Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
and made her hope assured.
She suckt the wound, and swag'd the sting,
And little Loue ycurde did sing,
then let no Louer sorrow:
To day though greefe attaint his hart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
amends will come to morrow.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Menaphons Roundelay.

When tender Ewes brought home with euenings Sun,
Wend to their Folds,
And to their holds
The Sheepheards trudge when light of day is done:

Vpon a tree,
The Eagle *Ioues* faire bird did perch,
There resteth hee.
A little Flie his harbour then did search,
And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
To perch whereas the Princely Eagle sat.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flie
From thence to hie.
Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poast of *Ganimede* replide:
Vassaile auant, or with my wings you die.
Is't fit an Eagle seate him with a Flie?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Flie crau'd pittie, still the Eagle frownd.
The silly Flie
Ready to die :
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
The Eagle sawe :
And with a royall mind said to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
Then seate thee heere: The ioyfull Flie vp-flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

ON a hill there growes a flower,
faire befall the dainty sweete :
By that flower there is a Bower,
where the heauenly Muses meete.

In that Bower there is a chaire,
fringed all about with gold :
Where dooth sit the fairest faire,
that euer eye did yet behold.

It is *Phillis* faire and bright,
shee that is the Sheepheards ioy :
Shee that *Venus* did despight,
and did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
that the world desires to see :
This is *ipsa que* the which,
there is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire ?
who would not this Saint adore ?

Who

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Who would not this fight desire,
though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
one good looke, and I am gone:
Looke on me, for I am hee,
thy poore silly *Coridon*.

Thou that art the Shepheards *Queene*,
looke vpon thy silly *Swaine*:
By thy comfort haue beene seene
dead men brought to life againe.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Coridon and Melampus Song.*

Cor. **M** *Elampus*, when will Loue be void of feares?
Mel. When Iealousie hath neither eyes nor eares.
Cor. *Melampus*, when will Loue be thoroughly shriued?
Mel. When it is hard to speake, and not beleued.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is Loue most malecontent?
Mel. When Louers range, and beare their bowes vn bent.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell me, when takes Loue least harme?
Mel. When Swaines sweete pipes are puffed, and Trulls are warme.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell me, when is Loue best fed?
Mel. When it hath suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time in Loue ill spent?
Mel. When it earne meede, and yet receaues no rent.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time well spent in Loue?
Mel. When deedes win meedes, and words Loues works doo proue.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Tityrus to his faire Phillis.*

TH E filly Swaine whose loue breedes discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
Sad he lookes, sad he lyes :
But when his Fortunes mallice dooth relent,
Then of Loues sweetnes he will sweetly sing,
thus he liues, thus he dyes.
Then *Tityrus* whom Loue hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this Mirtle shade.
For though Loue at first did greeue him :
yet did Loue at last relecue him.

FINIS.

I. D.

¶ *Sheepheard.*

S Weete thrall, first step to Loues felicitie,
Sheepheardeffe.
Sweete thrall, no stop to perfect libertie:
Hee. O life. Shee. What life ?
Hee. Sweete life. Shee. No life more sweete :
Hee. O Loue. Shee. What loue ?
Hee. Sweete Loue. Shee. No loue more meete.

FINIS.

I. M.

Another of the same Authour.

Fields were ouer-spread with flowers,
Fairest choise of *Floraes* treasure :
Sheepheards there had shadie Bowers,
Where they oft reposed with pleasure.

Meadowes

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Meadowes flourish'd fresh and gay,
where the wanton Heards did play.

Springs more cleare then Christall streames,
Seated were the Groues among :
Thus nor *Titans* scorching beames,
Nor earths drouth could Sheepheards wrong.
Faie *Pomonaes* fruitfull pride :
did the budding braunches hide.

Flocks of sheepe fed on the Plaines,
Harmelesse sheepe that roamd at large :
Heere and there sate pensive Swaines,
Wayting on their wandring charge.
Pensive while their Lasses smil'd :
Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
Vallies stor'd with *Vestaes* wealth :
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
Thus did heauen grace the soyle :
Not deform'd with work-mens toile.

Purest plot of earthly mold,
Might that Land be iustly named :
Art by Nature was controld,
Art which no such pleasures framed.
Fayrer place was neuer seene :
Fittest place for Beauties Queene.

FINIS.

I. M.

¶ Menaphon

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Menaphon to Pefana.

Faire fields proud *Floraes* vaunt, why i'ft you smile,
when as I languish ?
You golden Meades, why strue you to beguile
my weeping anguish ?
I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
why doo ye spring thus ?
What, will not *Boreas* tempests wrathfull King,
take some pittie on vs ?
And send forth Winter in her rustie weede,
to waile my bemoanings :
While I distrest doo tune my Country Reede
vnto my groanings.
But heauen and earth, time, place, and euery power,
haue with her conspired :
To turne my blisfull sweete to balefull fower,
since I this desired.
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
aye me vnhappye :
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause,
of this strange torment :
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ A sweete Pastorall.

Good Muse rock me a sleepe,
with some sweet Harmonie :
This wearie eye is not to keepe
thy warie companie.

Sweete

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sweete Loue be gone a while,
thou knowest my heauines:
Beauty is borne but to beguile,
my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
that lou'd to feede on hie:
Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocke,
and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
that were so fresh and greene:
Doo all their dainty colour leese,
and not a leafe is scene.

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
that made the woods to ring:
With all the rest, are now at hush,
and not a noate they sing.

Sweete *Philomele* the bird,
that hath the heauenly throate,
Dooth now alas not once affoord
recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost
each hearbe hath lost her fauour:
And *Phyllida* the faire hath lost,
the comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
so kill me in conceite:
That how to hope vpon delights
it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my sweete Muse
that knowest what helpe is best,
Doo now thy heauenly cunning vse,
to set my hart at rest.

F.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And in a dreame bewray
what fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still denay,
or when my sorrow end.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ Harpalus complaynt on Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin, who
loued her not, and denyed him that lo-
ued her.

Phillida was a faire mayde,
as fresh as any flower :
Whom Harpalus the Heards-man prayde
to be his Paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin,
were Heard-men both yfere :
And Phillida could twist and spinne,
and thereto sing full cleere.

But Phillida was all too coy,
for Harpalus to winne :
For Corin was her onely ioy,
who forc'd her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine,
how often garlands make :

Of Cowslips and of Cullumbine,
and all for Corins sake ?

But Corin he had Hawkes to lure,
and forced more the field :

Of Louers law he tooke no cure,
for once he was beguild.

Harpalus preuailed naught,
his labour all was lost :

For he was furthest from her thought,
and yet he lou'd her most.

Therefore

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Therefore woxe he both pale and leane,
and drye as clod of clay :
His flesh it was consumed cleane,
his colour gone away.
His beard it had not long beene shaue,
his haire hung all vnkempt :
A man most fit euen for the graue,
whom spitefull Loue had spent.
His eyes were red and all fore-watcht,
his face besprent with teares :
It seem'd vnhap had him long hatcht,
in midst of his dispaire.
His cloathes were blacke and also bare,
as one forlorne was hee :
Vpon his head he alwayes ware
a wreath of Willow-tree.
His beasts he kept vpon the hill,
and he sate in the Dale :
And thus with sighs and sorrowes shrill,
he gan to tell his tale.
Oh *Harpalus*, thus would he say,
vnhappiest vnder Sunne :
The cause of thine vnhappy day,
by loue was first begun.
For thou went'st first by fute to seeke,
a Tyger to make tame :
That sets not by thy loue a Leeke,
but makes thy greefe a game.
As easie were it to conuert
the frost into a flame :
As for to turne a froward hart
whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he liueth carelesse,
he leapes among the leaues :
He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
thou reap'st, he takes the sheaues.
My beasts a-while your food refraine,
and harke your Heard-mans sound :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Whom spightfull Loue alas hath slaine,
through-girt with many a wound.

Oh happy be ye beasts wild,
that heere your pasture takes:

I see that ye be not beguild,
of these your faithfull makes.

The Hart he feedeth by the Hind,
the Bucke hard by the Doe:

The Turtle-Doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her so.

The Ewe she hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull:

The Calfe with many a lusty Lamb,
doo feede their hunger full.

But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee *Phillida* so faire:

For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deare.

What reason is't that cruelty
with beauty should haue part?

Or else that such great tirannie,
should dwell in vvomans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death,
she cruelly is prest:

To th'end that I may want my breath,
my dayes beene at the best.

Oh *Cupid* graunt this my request,
and doo not stop thine eares:

That she may feele within her brest,
the paine of my despaire.

Of *Corin* that is carelesse,
that she may craue her fee:

As I haue done in great distresse,
that lou'd her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slaue,
her slaue and eke her thrall:

Write you my friends vpon my graue,
this chaunce that is befall.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Heere lyeth vnhappy *Harpalus*,
by cruell Loue now flaine :
Whom *Phillida* vniustly thus,
hath murdred with disdain.

FINIS.

L. T. Haward, Earle of Surrie.

¶ *An other of the same subiect, but made as it were
in answer.*

ON a goodly Sommers day,
Harpalus and *Phillida*,
He a true harted Swaine,
Shee full of coy disdain,
droue their flocks to field :

He to see his Sheepheardesse,
She did dreame on nothing lesse,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Dispaire,
wholly did him yield.

Corin she affected still,
All the more thy hart to kill.
Thy case dooth make me rue,
That thou should'st loue so true,
and be thus disdain'd :

While their flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtsie lowe,
And sighs that told his woe,
thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire *Phillida*,
List what *Harpalus* will say
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou respect not mee,
yet vouchsafe an care :

F. 3.

To

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To preuent ensuing ill,
Which no doubt betide thee will,
If thou doo not fore-see,
To shunne it presentlie,
then thy harme I feare.

Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
To the man that loues thee not.
Louely and gentle mayde,
Thy hope is quite betrayde,
which my hart doth greeue:

Corin is vnkind to thee,
Though thou thinke contrarie.
His loue is growne as light,
As is his Faulcons flight,
this sweet Nymph belecue.

Mopsus daughter, that young mayde,
Her bright eyes his hart hath strayde
From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but shee
that is *Corins* blisse:

Phillis men the Virgin call,
She is Buxome, faire and tall,
Yet not like *Phyllida*:
If I my mind might say,
eyes oft deeme amisse.

He commends her beauty rare,
Which with thine may not compare.
He dooth extoll her eye,
Silly thing, if thine were by,
thus conceite can erre:

He is rauish'd with her breath,
Thine can quicken life in death.
He prayseth all her parts,
Thine, winnes a world of harts,
more, if more there were.

Looke sweet Nymph vpon thy flock,

They

ENGLANDS HELICON.

They stand still, and now feede not,
As if they shar'd with thee:

Greefe for this iniurie,
offred to true loue.

Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
And in bleating seeme to groane,
That any Shepheards Swaine,
Should cause their Mistrespaine:

by affects remoue.

If you looke but on the grasse,
It's not halfe so greene as'twas:

When I began my tale,

But it is witherd pale,

all in meere remorse.

Marke the Trees that brag'd euen now,

Of each goodly greene-leau'd-bow,

They seeme as blasted all,

Ready for Winters fall,

such is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,

Are become contrary things,

They haue forgot their pride,

And quite forsake their glide,

as if charm'd they stand.

And the flowers growing by,

Late so fresh in euery eye,

See how they hang the head,

As on a suddaine dead,

dropping on the sand.

The birds that chaunted it yer-while,

Ere they hear'd of *Corins* guile,

Sit as they were afraide,

Or by some hap dismaide,

for this wrong to thee:

Harke sweet *Phil*, how *Philomell*,

That was wont to sing so well,

Iargles now in yonder bush,

Worser

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Worser then the rudest Trush,
as it were not shee.

Phyllida, who all this while
Neither gaue a sigh or smile :
Round about the field did gaze,
As her wits were in a maze;
poore despised mayd.
And reuiued at the last,
After streames of teares were past,
Leaning on her Shepheards hooke,
With a sad and heauie looke,
thus poore soule she sayd.

Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this sorry tale to mee.
Meete me heere againe to morrow,
Then I will conclude my sorrow
mildly, if may be:
With their flocks they home doo fare,
Eythers hart too full of care,
If they doo meete againe,
Then what they further sayne,
you shall heare from me.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

¶ *The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her
with this Dittie.*

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were blest of yore:
Yet was it neuer proud before.
O beauteous Queene of second Troy:
Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter then sweet Balme,
And Satires daunce about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect signes of her delight.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doo whistle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breeds,
Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Colin Cloutes *mournfull Dittie for the death* *of Astrophell.*

Sheepheards that wunt on pipes of Oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart;
And with your pittious Layes haue learn'd to breede
Compassion in a Country-Lasses hart:
Harken ye gentle Sheepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned harts it may emperse
With dolours dart for death of *Astrophell*.

To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot, my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit

G.

Made

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Made not to please the living, but the dead.

And if in him found pittie euer place:

Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *Damætas finge in praise of his Loue.*

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a hill
on a hill so merrily,
on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Shepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a Greene
on a Greene so merrily,
on a Greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth feene,
Heard to each Swaine, feene to each Trull:
both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the Sunne,
in the Sunne so merrily,
in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills about:
both sing and say; No life to loue.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the shade,
in the shade so merrily,
in the shade so cherily,
Ioy in thy life, life of Shepheards trade;
Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Iolly Sheeheard, Sheeheard heere or there,
heere or there so merrily,
heere or there so cherily,
Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
both sing and say; Loue lasts for aye.

Iolly Sheeheard, Sheeheard *Daphnis* Loue,
Daphnis loue so merrily,
Daphnis loue so cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
still sing and say; Loues yoake is sweete.

FINIS.

John Wootton.

¶ *Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe.*

P *Hebe* fate,
Sweete she fate,
sweete fate *Phæbe* when I saw her,
White her brow
Coy her eye,
brow and eye, how much you please me?
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent,
sighs and words could neuer draw her,
Oh my Loue,
Thou art lost,
since no sight could euer ease thee.

Phæbe fate
By a Fount,
sitting by a Fount I spide her,
Sweete her touch,
Rare her voyce,
touch and voyce, what may distaine you?

G. 2.

As

ENGLANDS HELICON.

As she sung,
I did sigh,

And by sighs whilst that I tride her,

Oh mine eyes
You did loose,

her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phæbes flocks
White as wooll,

yet were *Phæbes* lookes more whiter,

Phæbes eyes
Doue-like mild,

Doue-like eyes both mild and cruell,

Montane sweares
In your Lamps,

he will die for to delight her,

Thæbe yeeld
Or I die,

shall true harts be fancies fuell ?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Sheeheard.

THestylis a silly Swaine, when Loe did him forsake,
In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus gaue his plaint to make.
Ah wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy Loe unknowne.
Thy Nymph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thy selfe a foe.
Ye Louers that haue lost your harts-desired choyce:
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stood so great in Fortunes grace,
Nor with his sweate (alas too deere) possesst so high a place:
As I whose simple hart, aye thought himselfe still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.

Shee

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Shée knowes my guiltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pine:
 Of her vntrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
 What wonder is it then, if I berent my haire:
 And crauing death continually, doo bathe my selfe in teares?
 When Cræsus King of Lide, was cast in cruell bands,
 And yeelded goods and life into his enemies hands:
 What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his griefe much lesse
 Then mine, for I haue lost my Loue, which might my woe redresse.
 Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound:
 That ye may helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
 Ye Riueres rest a while, and stay your streames that runne:
 Rue Thestylis, the wofulst man that rests vnder the Sunne.
 Transport my sighs ye winds, vnto my pleasant foe:
 My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
 Oh happy man were I, if all the Gods agreed:
 That now the Sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall threed.
 Till life with loue shall end, I heere resigne all ioy,
 Thy pleasant sweete I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy.
 Farewell my deere therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
 If that I die, it shall be sayd: that thou hast slaine thine owne.*

FINIS.

L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.

¶ To Phillis the faire Sheeheardesse.

MY *Phillis* hath the morning Sunne,
 at first to looke vpon her:
 And *Phillis* hath morne-waking birds,
 her risings still to honour.
 My *Phillis* hath prime-featherd flowres,
 that smile when she treads on them:
 And *Phillis* hath a gallant flocke,
 that leapes since she dooth owne them.
 But *Phillis* hath too hard a hart,
 alas that she should haue it:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

It yeelds no mercie to desert,
nor grace to those that craue it.
Sweete Sunne, when thou look'st on,
pray her regard my moane.
Sweete birds, when you sing to her,
to yeeld some pittie, woo her,
Sweet flowers that she treads on,
tell her her beauty deads one.
And if in life her loue she nill agree me:
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ *The Shepheard Dorons ligge.*

THrough the shrubs as I can crack,
for my Lambs pretty ones,
mongst many little ones,
Nimphs I meane, whose haire was black
As the Crow.
Like as the Snow
Her face and browes shin'd I weene,
I saw a little one,
a bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxome, and as sheene:
As was shee
On her knee
That lull'd the God, whose arrowes warmes
such merry little ones,
such faire-fac'd pretty ones,
As dally in Loues chiefeft harmes.
Such was mine,
Whose gray eyne
Made me loue: I gan to wooe
this sweete little one,
this bonny pretty one.

I wood

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I wooed hard a day or two,

Till she bad,
Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
thy dearest little one,
thy truest pretty one.

Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
As behooues
Sheepheards Loues.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.

Faire in a morne, (ô fairest morne)
was neuer morne so faire:
There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
that shineth in the ayre.

For the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer such a creature:)

Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
that carried such a feature.

Vpon a hill, (ô blessed hill,
was neuer hill so blessed)

There stoode a man, (was neuer man
for vvoman so distressed.)

This man beheld a heauenly view,
which did such vertue giue:

As cleares the blind, and helps the lame,
and makes the dead man liue.

This man had hap, (ô happy man
more happy none then hee;)

For he had hap to see the hap,
that none had hap to see.

This filly Swaine, (and filly Swaines
are men of meanest grace:)

Had

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Had yet the grace, (ô gracious guest)
 to hap on such a face.
 He pittie cryed, and pittie came,
 and pittied so his paine :
 As dying, would not let him die,
 but gaue him life againe.
 For ioy whereof he made such mirth,
 as all the vwoods did ring :
 And *Pan* with all his Swaines came foorth,
 to heare the Sheeheard sing.
 But such a Song sung neuer was,
 nor shall be sung againe :
 Of *Phyllida* the Sheeheards Queene,
 and *Coridon* the Swaine.
 Faire *Phyllis* is the Sheeheards Queene,
 (was neuer such a Queene as shee,)
 And *Coridon* her onely Swaine,
 (was neuer such a Swaine as he.)
 Faire *Phyllis* hath the fairest face,
 that euer eye did yet behold :
 And *Coridon* the constants faith,
 that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
 Sweete *Phyllis* is the sweetest sweete,
 that euer yet the earth did yeeld :
 And *Coridon* the kindest Swaine,
 that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
 Sweete *Philomell* is *Phyllis* bird,
 though *Coridon* be he that caught her :
 And *Coridon* dooth heare her sing,
 though *Phyllida* be she that taught her.
 Poore *Coridon* dooth keepe the fields,
 though *Phyllida* be she that owes them :
 And *Phyllida* dooth walke the Meades,
 though *Coridon* be he that mowes them :
 The little Lambs are *Phyllis* loue,
 though *Coridon* is he that feedes them :
 The Gardens faire are *Phyllis* ground,
 though *Coridon* be he that weedes them :

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Since then that *Phyllis* onely is,
the onely Shepheards onely Queene:
And *Coridon* the onely Swaine,
that onely hath her Shepheard beene.
Though *Phyllis* keepe her bower of state,
shall *Coridon* consume away:
No Shepheard no, worke out the weeke,
and Sunday shall be holy-day.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *The passionate Shepheards Song.*

ON a day, (alack the day,)
Loue whose moneth was euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the veluet leaues the wind,
All vnseene gan passage find:
That the Shepheard (sicke to death,)
Wish'd himsele the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alas, my hand hath sworne,
Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
Vow (alack) for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an *Aethiope* were,
And deny him selfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for my Loue.

FINIS.

W. Shakespeare.

H.

¶ *The*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The unknowne Shepheards complaint.

MY Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
My Rammes speede not, all is amisse :
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, causer of this.

All my merry liggs are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is lost God wor.
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac'd without remoue.

One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle Dame :
For now I see, inconstancie
More in vvomen then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall :
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall :
My Shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull kneil.
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.

With sighs so deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling-wise, to see my dolefull plight :
How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not foorth their die :
Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearefully.
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
All our merry meeting on the Plaines.
All our euening sports from vs are fled,
All our loue is lost, for Loue is dead.

Farewell

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Farewell sweete Loue, thy like nere was,
For sweete content, the cause of all my moane:
Poore *Coridon* must liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

g Another of the same Shepheards.

As it fell vpon a day,
In the merry moneth of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Mirtles made.

Beasts did leape, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring.

Euery thing did banish moane,
Sauē the Nightingale alone.

Shee poore bird, as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
And there sung the dolefull'st Ditty,
That to heare it was great pittie.

Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to heare her so complaine,
Scarfe I could from teares refraine.

For her greefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.

Ah (thought I) thou mourn'st in vaine,
None takes pittie on thy paine.

Sencelesse trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse beasts, they will not cheere thee.

King *Pandion* he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.

All thy fellow birds doo sing,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Euen so poore bird like thee,
None a-live will pittie mee.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

*¶ The Shepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie, to the
offence of Actæon.*

A Cteon lost in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but awry:
Diana was afraide he would report
What secrets he had seene in passing by.
To tell but truth, the selfe same hurt haue I:
By viewing her for whom I daily die.
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind
Dooth suffer wrack vpon the stonie rock
Of her disdaine, who contrarie to kind
Dooth beare a breast more hard then any stock;
And former forme of limbs is changed quite:
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leese my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard:
Dooth make me say, that life auayleth nought,
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward.
I dare not name the Nimph that works my smart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart:

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.

A Turtle sate vpon a leauelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad and sorrie cheare.
About her wondring stood,
The Cittizens of vvood.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her Loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that dooth her view,
Her paines and sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouer-throwne:

Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on mee?

The loue-sicke *Polipheme* that could not see,
Who on the barren shoare,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone,
And with his cries
Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betooke,
Dooth breake both pipe and hooke.
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought,
For were my woe but thought:

Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I:
If gentle *Phæbe* daine,
to see her *Montan* die.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Phæbes Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,
Thus *Phyllis* sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish Loue are stung
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

VWhen Loue was first begot,
And by the mothers will:
Did fall to humane lot,
His solace to fulfill.
Deuoid of all deceite,
A chaste and holy fire:
Did quicken mans conceite,
And yvomens breasts inspire.
The Gods that saw the good,
That mortalls did approoue:
With kind and holy moode,
Began to talke of Loue.

Downe a downe,
Thus *Phyllis* sung
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilst Loue in deede and word,
Most faithfull did appeare;
False semblance came in place,
By Iealousie attended:
And with a double face,
Both loue and fancie blended.
Which made the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie:
And Maydens scorne a make,
Forsooth and so will I.

Downe

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish Loue are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Coridons supplication to Phillis.

S Weete *Phillis*, if a silly Swaine,
may sue to thee for grace:
See not thy louing Sheeheard slaine,
with looking on thy face.
But thinke what power thou hast got,
vpon my Flock and mee:
Thou seest they now regard me not,
but all doo follow thee.
And if I haue so farre presum'd,
with prying in thine eyes:
Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
that in thy pittie lyes.
But as thou art that *Phillis* faire,
that Fortune fauour giues:
So let not Loue dye in despaire,
that in thy fauour liues.
The Deere doo brouse vpon the bryer,
the birds doo pick the cherries:
And will not Beauty graunt Desire,
one handfull of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworne,
that none shall looke on thee:
Yet let me know thou doost not scorne,
to cast a looke on mee.

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But if thy beauty make thee proude.

Thinke then what is ordain'd:

The heauens haue neuer yet allow'd.

that Loue should be disdain'd.

Then least the Fates that fauour Loue,

should curse thee for vnkind:

Let me report for thy behoooue.

the honour of thy mind.

Let *Cordon* with full consent.

set downe what he hath seene:

That *Philida* with Loues content.

is sworne the Shepheards Queene.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ Dametas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.

TVne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
Loue faire and bright:
Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
heauen's loues delight,
with *Daphnis* praise.

To pleasant *Tempe* Groues and Plaines about,
Plaines. Shepheards pride:
Resounding Echoes of her praise ring out,
ring farre and wide
my *Daphnis* praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
sounds loud and shrill:
Doo make each note vnto the skies rebound,
skies calme and still,
with *Daphnis* praise.

Her tresses are like vviuers of beaten gold,
Gold bright and sheene:

Like

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Like *Nysus* golden haire that *Scilla* pold,
 Scill, ore-seene
 through *Minos* loue.

Her eyes like shining Lamps in midst of night,
 Night darke and dead:
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
 Light for to leade
 their wandring Ships.

Amidst her cheekes the Rose and Lilly striue,
 Lilly, snow-white:
When their contend dooth make their colour thriue.
 Colour too bright
 for Shepheards eyes.

Her lips like Scarlet of the finest die,
 Scarlet blood-red:
Teeth white as Snow, which on the hills dooth lie,
 Hills ouer-spread
 by Winters force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest filke,
 Silke soft and fine:
Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
 Milke of the Kine
 of *Daphnis* Heard.

As swift of foote as is the pretty Roe,
 Roe swift of pace:
When yelping Hounds pursue her to and fro,
 Hounds fierce in chase,
 to reauē her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
 Compares too rude:

I.

Daphnis

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Daphnis deserts and beauty are too rare,
Then heere conclude
faire *Daphnis* praise.

FINIS.

I. Wootton.

¶ Dorons description of his faire Sheepheardeſſe Samela.

Like to *Diana* in her Sommer weede,
Girt with a Crimſon roabe of brighteſt die :
goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter then be the flockes that ſtragling feed,
When waſh'd by *Arethuſa*, faint they lie,
is faire *Samela*.

As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy gliſter of her loue :
is faire *Samela*.

Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancies moue.
ſhines faire *Samela*.

Her trefſes gold, her eyes like glaſſie ſtreames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breſts are Iuorie :
of faire *Samela*,

Her cheekes like Roſe and Lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches fram'd of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*

Paſſeth faire *Venus* in her brighteſt hew,
And *Iuno* in the ſhew of Maieſtie :
for ſhe's *Samela*.

Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchleſſe dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela*.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ Wodenfrides

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.

THe Sunne the season in each thing
Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where *Amargana* treads,
With flowrie tap'stries *Flora* spreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And sweet perfum'd with Eglantine:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The silent Riuer stayes his course,
Whilst playing on the christall fource,
The siluer scaled fish are seene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little birds with their lowd voyces,
In consort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flocks doo scud and skip,
The vwood-Nimphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great *Pan* (our God) for her deere sake,
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of Sheepheards, Lads, and Lasses sheene:
To glad our louely Sheepheards Queene.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And euery Swaine his chaunce dooth proue,
To winne faire *Amarganaes* loue,
In sporting strifes quite voide of spleene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long liue our louely Sommer Queene.

FINIS.

W. H.

Another of the same.

H Appy Sheepheards sit and see,
with ioy,
The peerelesse wight :
For whose sake *Pan* keepes from ye
annoy,
And giues delight.
Blessing this pleasant Spring,
Her praises must I sing.
List you Swaines, list to me :
The whiles your Flocks feeding be.

First her brow a beauteous Globe,
I deeme,
And golden haire;
And her cheek *Auroraes* roabe,
dooth seeme,
But farre more faire.
Her eyes like starres are bright.
And dazle with their light,
Rubies her lips to see,
But to tast, Nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile
dooth linke
the Graces three :
Her white necke dooth eyes beguile
to thinke
it Iyorie.

Alas

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Alas her Lilly-hand,
How it dooth me commaund?
Softer silke none can be:
And whiter milke none can see.

Circes wand is not so strait,
as is
Her body small:
But two pillers beare the waight
of this
maiestick Hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alablaster pure,
Polish'd fine in each part:
Ne're Nature yet shewed like Art.

How shall I her pretty tread
expresse
vwhen she dooth walke?
Scarfe she dooth the Primerose head
depreffe,
or tender stalke
Of blew-veind Violets,
Whereon her foote she sets.
Vertuous she is, for we finde
In body faire, beauteous minde.

Liue faire *Amargana* still
extold
In all my rime:
Hand want Art, when I want will
e'vnfold
her woorth diuine.
But now my Muse dooth rest,
Dispaire clos'd in my brest,
Of the valour I sing:
Weake faith that no hope dooth bring.

FINIS.

W. H.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

An excellent Pastorall Distie.

A Carefull Nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
vnder the shaddow of an Ashen tree:
With Lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
vnto a Nimph that bare her companie.
No sooner had she tuned euery string:
But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
on whom the cheerefull Sunne did neuer rise:
If pitties stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes.
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares:
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
the freezing doubts, the guilefull promises:
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtile toyes,
the brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wilhed warre in such vncertaine peace:
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy Mothers lap,
doo'st lye and heare the crie of my complaint,
And seest, and smilest at my sore mishap,
that lacke but skill my sorrowes heere to paint:
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
my body quicke, my hart began to leape:
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
the fruite of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my soule still tyers:
In bale forooke, and left me in the bryers.

Thus

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Thus Fancie strung my Lute to Layes of Loue,
and Loue hath rock'd my wearie Muse a-sleepe:
And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
and euery paine I feele dooth force me weepe.
Then farewell fancie, loue, sleepe, paine, and sore:
And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ Phillidaes *Loue-call* to her *Coridon*, and his replying.

Phil. *C*oridon, arise my *Coridon*,
Titan shineth cleare:

Cor. Who is it that calleth *Coridon*,
who is it that I heare?

Phil. *Phillida* thy true-Loue calleth thee,
arise then, arise then;
arise and keepe thy flock with me:

Cor. *Phillida* my true-Loue, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keepe my flock with thee.

Phil. Heere are cherries ripe my *Coridon*,
eate them for my sake:

Cor. Heere's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
sport for thee to make.

Phil. Heere are threeds my true-Loue, fine as silke,
to knit thee, to knit thee
a paire of stockings white as milke.

Cor. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,
to make thee, to make thee
a Bonnet to with-stand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my *Coridon*,
to set in thy cap:

Cor.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Cor. I will gather Peares my louely one,
to put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about his legs so tall:

Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my *Coridon* sits on a hill,
making melodie:

Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheele
singing cherilie.

Phil. Sure me thinks my true-Loue dooth excell
for sweetnes, for sweetnes,
our *Pan* that old Arcadian Knight:

Cor. And me thinks my true-Loue beares the bell
for clearenes, for clearenes,
beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my *Coridon*, my *Coridon*,
beene (alack) my Swaine:

Cor. Had my louely one, my louely one,
beene in *Ida* plaine.

Phil. *Cynthia* *Endimion* had refus'd,
preferring, preferring
my *Coridon* to play with-all:

Cor. The Queene of Loue had beene excus'd,
bequeathing, bequeathing,
my *Phyllida* the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother, *Coridon*,
whether shall I flie?

Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,
while she passeth by.

Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,
remember, remember,

to morrow is another day:

Phil.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

Phil. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,
farewell then, farewell then,
heauen keepe our loues alway.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *The Shepheards solace.*

P *Habrus* delights to view his Laurell tree,
The Poplar pleaseth *Hercules* alone:
Melissa mother is and faultrix to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Olive branch alone.
Of Shepheards and their flocks *Pales* is Queene:
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.
To *Chloris* euery flower belongs of right,
The *Dryade* Nymphs of vwoods make chiefe account:
Oreades in hills haue their delight,
Diana dooth protect each bubling Fount.
To *Hebe* louely kissing is assign'd:
To *Zephire* euery gentle-breathing wind.
But what is Loues delight? To hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe desire:
With watchfull ieaousie, with hope, with feare,
With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.
O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ *Syrenus Song to Euerius.*

L Et now the goodly Spring-tide make vs merrie,
And fields, which pleasant flowers doo adorne:
And Vales, Meades, Woods, with liuely colours flourish,
Let plenteous flocks the Shepheards riches nourish,

K.

Let

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let hungry Woolues by dogges to death be torne,
And Lambes reioyce, with passed Winter wearie.

Let euery Riuer Ferrie
In waters flow, and siluer streames abounding,
And fortune, ceaselesse wounding.
Turne now thy face, so cruell and vnstable,
Be firme and fauourable.

And thou that kill'st our soules with thy pretences:
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward senses.

Let Country plainenes liue in ioyes not ended,
In quiet of the desert Meades and mountaines,
And in the pleasure of a Country dwelling
Let Sheeheardes rest, that haue distilled fountaines
Of teares: prooue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
Vpon poore soules, that neuer haue offended.

Let thy flames be incended
In haughtie Courts, in those that swim in treasure,
And liue in ease and pleasure.
And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted sadnes)
A perfect rest and gladnes
And hills and Dales, may giue me: with offences
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward senses.

In what law find'st thou, that the freest reason
And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,
And harmelesse soules vnto thy cruell murder?
O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth furdur
From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,
And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season,
O vile and wicked treason.

Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell
Of force must be so cruell?
To be a Lord, yet like a Tyrant minded,
Vaine boy with error blinded.
Why doost thou hurt his life with thy offences:
That yeelds to thee his soule and inward senses?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Heerres (alas) and foulely is deceaued
That calls thee God, being a burning fire:
A furious flame, a playning greefe and clamorous,
And Venus sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
Gentle, and mild, and full of sweet desire)
Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.

And yet that she conceaued
By prooffe, so vile a sonne and so vnruely:
I say (and yet say truly)
That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
Both iustly may be blamed:
She that did breede him with such vile pretences,
He that dooth hurt so much our inward sences.

The gentle Sheepe and Lambs are euer flying
The rauenous Woolues and beasts, that are pretending
To glut their mawes with flesh they teare asunder.
The milke-white Doues at noyse of fearefull thunder
Flie home a-maine, themselves from harme defending.
The little Chick, when Puttocks are a crying,
The Woods and Meadowes dying
For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
Doo neuer cease to craue it.
So euery thing his contrary resisteth,
Onely thy thrall persisteth
In suffering of thy wrongs without offences:
And lets thee spoile his hart and inward sences.

A publique passion, Natures lawes restrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A soule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
And endlesse plaint, that shuns all consolation,
A spendlesse flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendlesse death, yet life in death maintayning,
A passion, that is gayning
On him that loueth well, and is absented,
Whereby it is augmented.
A ieaousie, a burning greefe and sorrow,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

These fauours Louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences:
Consuming still their soule and inward fences.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g The Shepheard Arfileus reple to Syrenus Song.

O Let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet and siluer showers,
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late deprived)
With grasse and leaues, fine buds, and painted flowers.
Ecchoe, returne vnto the vwoods obscure.
Ring forth the Shepheards Songs in loue contriued.
Let old loues be reuiued,
Which angry Winter buried but of late,
And that in such a state
My soule may haue the full accomplishment
Of ioy and sweet content.
And since fierce paines and greefes thou doost controule:
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Shepheards) once to make you merrie,
With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant Song,
(Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
If you sing not to him, your Songs doo wearie,
Crowne him with flowers; or else ye doo him wrong,
And consecrate your Springs to his behests.
I to my Shepheardesse
My happy loues with great content doo sing.
And flowers to her doo bring.
And sitting neere her by the Riuer side,
Enioy the braue Spring-tide.
Since then thy ioyes such sweetnes dooth enroule:
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The wise (in auncient time) a God thee nam'd,
Seeing that with thy power and supream might,
Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make :

For thee a hart is frozen and enflam'd,
A foole thou mak'st a wise man with thy light,
The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.

The mighty Gods did quake
At thy commaund: To birds and beasts transformed,
Great Monarches haue not scorned
To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure :

Such spoiles thou doost procure
With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould :
With which (sweet Loue) thou conquer'st euery soule.

In other times obscurely I did liue
But with a drowsie, base, and simple kinde
Of life, and onely to my profit bend me :

To thinke of Loue my selfe I did not giue,
Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
Neuer did any Sheepheardesse commend me.

But crowned now they send me
A thousand Garlands, that I wone with praise,
In wrastring dayes by dayes,
In pitching of the barre with arme most strong,
And singing many a Song.
After that thou didst honour, and take hould
Of my (sweet Loue) and of my happy soule.

What greater ioy can any man desire,
Then to remaine a Captiue vnto Loue :
And haue his hart subiected to his power ?

And though sometimes he tast a little sower
By suffering it, as mild as gentle Doue
Yet must he be, in lieu of that great hire
Whereto he dooth aspire :

If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,
Let them with cause complaine
Of cruell fortune, and of times abuse,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And let not them accuse
Thee (gentle-Loue) that dooth with blisse enfold
Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing soule.

Behold a faire sweete face, and shining eyes,
Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,
Sending vnto the soule a perfect light :

Behold the rare perfections of those white
And luorie hands, from greefes most surest barres
That mind wherein all life and glory lyes,

That ioy that neuer dyes,
That he dooth feele, that loues and is beloued,
And my delights approoued,
To see her pleas'd, whose loue maintaines me heere,

All those I count so deere,
That though sometimes Loue dooth my ioyes controule:
Yet am I glad he dwels within my soule.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

A Sheepheards dreame.

A Silly Sheepheard lately fate
among a flock of Sheepe :
Where musing long on this and that,
at last he fell a sleepe.

And in the slumber as he lay,
he gaue a pitteous groane :
He thought his sheepe were runne away,
and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
but not a sheepe came neere him :
Which made the Sheepheard sore appall'd,
to see that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed stood,
in this most solemne vaine :

Came

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Came *Philida* foorth of the vwood,
and stooode before the Swaine.
Whom when the Sheepheard did behold,
he straite began to weepe:
And at the hart he grew a cold,
to thinke vpon his sheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
the Sheepheard durst not stay:
And where that he durst not be scene,
the sheepe must needes away.
To aske her if she saw his flock,
might happen pacience mooue:
And haue an aunswere with a mock,
that such demaunders prooue.
Yet for because he saw her come
alone out of the vwood:
He thought he would not stand as dombe,
vwhen speech might doo him good.
And therefore falling on his knees,
to aske but for his sheepe:
He did awake, and so did leese
the honour of his sleepe.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

g The Sheepheards Ode.

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
Blossomes on the Hawthorne hong,
Philomell (Night-Musiques King,) Told the comming of the Spring:
Whose sweete-siluer-sounding-voyce,
Made the little birds reioyce,
Skipping light from spray to spray,
Till *Aurora* shew'd the day.
Scarfe might one see, when I might see
(For such chaunces sudden be.)

By

ENGLANDS HELICON.

By a Well of Marble-stone,
 A Sheepeheard lying all a-lone.
 Weepe he did, and his weeping
 Made the fading flowers spring.
Daphnis was his name I weene,
 Youngest Swaine of Sommers Queene.
 When *Aurora* saw t'was he
 Weepe she did for companie:
 Weepe she did for her sweet Sonne,
 That (when antique Troy was wonne)
 Suffer'd death by lucklesse Fate,
 Whom she now laments too late:
 And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
 Showers downe her siluer dewe,
 Whose teares falling from their spring,
 Giue moisture to each living thing
 That on earth encrease and grow,
 Through power of their friendly foe.
 Whose effect when *Flora* felt,
 Teares, that did her bosome melt,
 (For who can resist teares often,
 But she whom no teares can soften?)
 Peering strait above the banks,
 Shew'd her selfe to giue her thanks.
 Wondring thus at Natures worke
 (Wherein many meruailes lurke)
 Me thought I heard a dolefull noyse,
 Conforted with a mournfull voyce,
 Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
 Heare I did, vnto my paine,
 (For who is not pain'd to heare
 Him in griefe whom hart holds deere?)
 Silly Swaine with griefe ore-gone
 Thus to make his pitteous mone.
 Loue I did, alas the while,
 Loue I did, but did beguile
 My deere Loue with louing so,
 Whom as then I did not know.

Loue

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Loue I did the fayrest boy
 That these fields did ere enioy.
 Loue I did faire *Ganimede*,
Venus darling, beauties bed:
 Him I thought the fairest creature,
 Him the quintessence of Nature.
 But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
 (Loue of reason is bereau'd.)
 For since then I saw a Lasse,
 Lasse that did in beauty passe,
 Passe faire *Ganimede* as farre
 As *Phabus* dooth the smallest starre.
 Loue commaunded me to loue,
 Fancie bad me not remoue
 My affection from the Swaine
 Whom I neuer could obtaine:
 (For who can obtaine that fauour
 Which he cannot graunt the crauer?)
 Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
 Loue that so my hart assail'd,
 Wounding me with her faire eyes
 Ah how Loue can subillize?
 And deuise a thousand shifts
 How to worke men to his drifts.
 Her it is, for whom I mourne,
 Her, for whom my life I scorne.
 Her, for whom I weepe all day,
 Her, for whom I sigh, and say
 Eyther she, or else no creature
 Shall enioy my loue: whose feature
 Though I neuer can obtaine,
 Yet shall my true-loue remaine:
 Till (my body turn'd to clay)
 My poore soule must passe away,
 To the heauens; where I hope
 It shall finde a resting scope.
 Then since I loued thee alone,
 Remember me when I am gone.

L.

Scarfe

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Scarfe had he these last words spoken,
But me thought his hart was broken,
With great greefe that did abound,
(Cares and greefe the hart confound)
In whose hart thus riu'd in three,
Ehza written I might see
In Characters of crimson blood,
Whose meaning well I vnderstood.
Which, for my hart might not behold:
I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

FINIS.

Rich. Barneficke.

The Shepherds commendation of his Nymph.

WHat Sheeheard can expresse
The fauour of her face?
To whom in this distresse
I doo appeale for grace.
A thousand *Cupids* flye
About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart,
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing hart,
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I trie
Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,
That glories in his white:
For purenes now must yeeld
And render vp his right.
Heauen pictur'd in her face,
Dooth promise ioy and grace.

Faire *Cynthiaes* siluer light,
That beates on running streames:

Compares

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

Compares not with her white,
Whose haire are all Sunne-beames.
So bright my Nymph dooth shine
As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the Damaske-Rose:
Which in her cheekes is spred,
Whence euery fauour growes.
In Skie there is no starre,
But she surmounts it farre.

When *Phæbus* from the bed
Of *Thetis* dooth arise:
The morning blushing red,
In faire Carnation wife:
He shewes in my Nimphs face,
As Queene of euery grace.

This pleasant Lilly white,
This taint of Roseate red:
This *Cynthiaes* siluer light,
This sweete faire *Dea* spred,
These Sun-beames in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

FINIS.

Earle of Oxenford.

¶ Coridon to his Phillis.

Las my hart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on *Phillis* face:
Whose heavenly eye no mortall man may see,
But he must die, or purchase *Phillis* grace.

Poore *Coridon*, the Nymph whose eye dooth mooue thee:
Dooth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

L. 2.

Her

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her beautie, Natures pride, and Sheepheards praise,
Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life :
Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
As if that *loue* had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoote fierie darts to kill :
Yet is her hart as cold as *Caucase* hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the Sunne,
Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light :
My hart dooth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
Thus hath faire *Phyllis* slaine me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe :
And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phyllis, the golden fetter of my minde,
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power :
Goddesse of Nimphs, and honour of thy kinde,
This ages *Phenix*, beauties richest bower.

Poore *Coridon* for loue of thee must die :
Thy beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eye.

Leaue *Coridon* to plough the barren field,
Thy buds of hope are blatted with disgrace :
For *Phyllis* lookes no hartie loue doo yeeld,
Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.

Die *Coridon*, the spoile of *Phyllis* eye :
She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

FINIS.

S. E. Dyer.

The Sheepheards description of Loue.

Melibens. *Faustus.* **S**heepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell ?
It is that Fountaine, and that Well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That touples all into heauen or hell,
And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Meli.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, I pre-thee say?

Fau. It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When lustie-bloods in fresh aray,
Heare ten moneths after of the play,
And this is Loue, as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Sheeheard faine?

Fau. It is a Sun-shine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
It is a game where none dooth gaine,
The Lasse saith no, and would full faine:
And this is Loue, as I heare faine.

Meli. Yet Sheeheard, what is Loue, I pray?

Fau. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soone away,
Then Nimphs take vantage while ye may:
And this is loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is loue, good Sheeheard show?

Fau. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooues shall finde it so;
And Sheeheard this is loue I troe.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

To his Flocks.

F Eede on my Flocks securely,
Your Sheeheard watcheth surely,
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye:
Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip *Veslaes* flowring treasure,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I my selfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

FINIS.

H. C.

A Roundelay betweene two Shepheards.

1. *Shep.* **T**ell me thou gentle Shepheards Swaine,
Who'se yonder in the Vale is set ?
2. *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doo staine,
The Lilly, Rose, the Violet.

1. *Shep.* Why dooth the Sunne against his kind,
Fixe his bright Chariot in the skies ?
2. *Shep.* Because the Sunne is strooken blind,
With looking on her heavenly eyes.

1. *Shep.* Why doo thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chiefe delight ?
2. *Shep.* Because they neede no other good,
That liue in presence of her sight.

1. *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly Heath ?
2. *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

1. *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so flow away,
Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine eare ?
2. *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
When they her heavenly voyce doo heare.

1. *Shep.* From whence come all these Shepheards Swaines,
And louely Nymphs attir'd in greene ?
2. *Shep.* From gathering Garlands on the Plaines,
To crowne our faire the Shepheards Queene.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Both. The Sunne that lights this world below.
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witnesse beare:
These Nimphs and Sheepheards all doo know,
That it is she is onely faire.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

¶ The solitarie Sheepheards Song.

O Shadie Vales, ô faire enriched Meades,
O sacred vvoods, sweet fields, and rising mountaines:
O painted flowers, Greene hearbs where *Flora* treads,
Refresh't by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged Queristers of vvood,
that pearcht aloft, your former paines report:
And straite againe recount with pleasant moode,
your present ioyes in sweete and seemely sort.

O all you creatures whosoever thrive
on mother earth, in Seas, by ayre, by fire:
More blest are you then I heere vnder Sunne,
loue dies in me, when as he dooth reuiue
In you, I perish vnder beauties ire,
where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is wunne.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ The Sheepheards resolution in loue.

IF Ioue him-selſe be subiect vnto Loue,
And range the vvoods to finde a mortall pray,
If *Neptune* from the Seas him-selſe remoue,
And seeke on sands with earthly wights to play:
Then may I loue my Sheepheardsesse by right,
Who farre excells each other mortall wight?

If

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If *Pluto* could by Loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld him-selfe a silly virgins thrall.
If *Phœbus* could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a rustick Mayde vnto his call:
Then how much more should I adore the fight,
Of her in whom the heauens them-selues delight?

If Country *Pan* might follow Nymphs in chase,
And yet through loue remaine deuoid of blame,
If *Satires* were excus'd for seeking grace,
To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:
My Sheepheardestle, why should not I loue still
On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill?

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Coridons Hymne in praise of Amarillis.

Would mine eyes were christall Fountaines,
Where you might the shadow view
Of my greefes, like to these mountaines
Swelling for the losse of you.

Cares which curelesse are alas,
Helpleffe, haplesse for they grow:
Cares like tares in number passe,
All the seedes that loue dooth sow.
Who but could remember all
Twinkling eyes still representing?
Starres which pierce me to the gall,
Cause they lend no more contenting.
And you Nectar-lips, alluring
Humane sence to tast of heauen:
For no Art of mans manuring,
Finer silke hath euer weauen.
Who but could remember this,
The sweete odours of your fauour?

When

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

When I smeld I was in blisse,
Neuer felt I sweeter fauour.
And your harmelesse hart annoynted,
As the custome was of Kings:
Shewes your sacred soule appoynted,
To be prime of earthly things.
Ending thus remember all,
Cloathed in a mantle greene:
Tis enough I am your thrall,
Leaue to thinke what eye hath scene.
Yet the eye may not so leaue,
Though the thought doo still repine:
But must gaze till death bequeath,
Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine.
Which if *Amarillis* chaunce,
Hearing to make hast to see:
To life death she may aduaunce.
Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

FINIS.

T. B.

g The Sheeheard Carillo his Song.

*Guarda mi las Vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Besá mi Primero,
Yo te las guardare.*

I Pre-thee keepe my Kine for me
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
First let me haue a kisse of thee,
And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
Thou doost commend thy Kine or Sheepe,
M.

For

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For thee I doo suffice :
Because in this I haue beene bred,
But for so much as I haue fed
By viewing thee, mine eyes ;
Commaund not me to keepe thy beast :
Because my selfe I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I pre-thee tell,
Thy Kie, my selfe that cannot well
defend, nor please thy kinde
As long as I haue serued thee ?
But if thou wilt giue vnto me
a kisse to please my minde :
I aske no more for all my paine,
And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
That I doo aske, to keepe thy Neate,
but vnto me it is
A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
so small a gift as this.
But if to it thou canst not frame :
Then giue me leaue to take the same.

But if thou doost (my sweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
thy promise shall relent me :
Heere-after some reward to finde,
Behold how I doo please my minde,
and fauours doo content me,
That though thou speak'st it but in iest :
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue works in me,
And how ill recompenc'd of thee
that with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)

I thinke

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

I thinke my selfe right well appay'd,
although they prooue a scoffe.
Then pittie me, that haue forgot:
My selfe for thee, that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
And in extreame vniust despaire
thy cruelty maintaines:
O that thou wert so pittifull
Vnto these torments that doo pull
my soule with sencelesse paines,
As thou shew'st in that face of thine:
Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
Assureth me both peace and grace,
thy hard and cruell hart:
Which in that white breast thou doo'st beare,
Dooth make me tremble yet for feare
thou wilt not end my smart.
In contraries of such a kinde:
Tell me what succour shall I finde?

If then young Sheepheardesse thou craue
A Heards-man for thy beast to haue,
with grace thou maist restore
Thy Sheepheard from his barren loue,
For neuer other shalt thou prooue,
that seekes to please thee more:
And who to serue thy turne, will neuer shun,
The nipping frost, and beames of parching Sun.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Corins dreame of his faire Chloris.

W^Hat time bright *Titan* in the *Zenith* sat,
And equally the fixed poales did heate:
When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
And vnderneath a broade Beech tooke my seate.
The dreaming God which *Morpheus* Poets call
Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnaes* fire,
With sleepe possessing my weake senses all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Me thought I saw the Nymph I would embrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe:
A lust-led Satire hauing her in chace,
Which after her about the fields did yelp.
I seeing my Loue in such perplexed plight,
A sturdie bat from off an Oake I rest:
And with the Rauisher continued fight,
Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
With kisses kind she gratifies my paine:
Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
But drowsie slumbers flying to their Cell,
My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
My wonted sorrowes still with me doo dwell,
I looked round about on hill and Dale:
But I could neither my faire *Chloris* view,
Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I flew.

FINIS.

W. S.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

§ The Sheepheard Damons passion.

AH trees, why fall your leaues so fast?
Ah Rocks, where are your roabes of mosse?
Ah Flocks, why stand you all agast?
Trees, Rocks, and Flocks, what, are ye penſiue for my losse?

The birds me thinks tune naught but moane,
The winds breath naught but bitter plaint:
The beaſts forſake their dennes to groane,
Birds, winds, and beaſts, what, dooth my losse your powers attaine?

Floods weepe their ſprings about their bounds,
And Eccho wailes to ſee my woe:
The roabe of ruth dooth cloath the grounds,
Floods, Eccho, grounds, why doo ye all theſe teares beſtow?

The trees, the Rocks and Flocks replie,
The birds, the winds, the beaſts report:
Floods, Eccho, grounds for ſorrow crie,
We greeue ſince *Phyllis* nill kinde *Damons* loue conſort.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

§ The Sheepheard Muſidorus his complaint.

COME Sheepheards weedes, become your Maifters minde,
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tries:
Nor be abaſh'd, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lies.
Come Sheepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweete *Menalcas* voyce:
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow ties,

M. 3.

From

ENGLANDS HELICON.

From those cleare notes which freely may reioyce.

Then poure out plaints, and in one word say this :
Heflesse his plaint, who spoiles him selfe of blisse .

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ The Shepheards braule, one halfe answering the other.

1. **W**E loue, and haue our loues rewarded ?
2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
1. We finde most sweet affections snare :
2. That sweete but sower dispairefull care.
1. Who can dispaire, whom hope dooth beare ?
2. And who can hope, that feeles dispaire ?
All. As without breath no pipe dooth moue :
No Musique kindly without loue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ Dorus his comparisons.

MY Sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue,
Their pasture is faire hills of fruitlesse loue :
On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,
I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
My sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds :
My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds.
What wooll my Sheepe shall beare, while thus they liue :
In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of The Shepheard Faustus his Song.

A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie,
One of the fairest as euer I did see:
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take,
(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

E Cclipsed was our Sunne,
And faire *Aurora* darkened to vs quite,
Our morning starre was doone,
And Shepheards starre lost cleane out of our sight,
When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
Dame Nature made thee faire,
And ill did carelesse Fortune marry thee,
And pittie with despaire
It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
To view the Sun, that flies with radiant wing:
Vnlesse that we doo hold
A glasse before them, or some other thing.
Then wisely this to passe did Fortune bring
To couer thee with such a vaile:
For heeretofore, when any viewed thee,
Thy sight made his to faile,
For (sooth) thou art : thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy graces to obscure,
With such a froward husband, and so base
She meant thereby most sure
That *Cupids* force, and loue thou should'st embrace,
For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case.
Then care no more for kin,
And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,

To

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To loue thou must begin,
And from hence-forth this question neuer make,
If that thou should'st a secret Louer take?

Of force it dooth behooue
That thou should'st be belou'd, and that againe
(Faire Mistresse) thou should'st loue,
For to what end, what purpose, and what gaine,
Should such perfections serue? as now in vaine
My loue is of such art,
That (of it selfe) it well deserues to take
In thy sweete loue a part:
Then for no Sheepheard, that his loue dooth make,
(*Sweet life*) doo not my secret loue forsake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Another of the same, by Firmius the Sheepheard.

If that the gentle winde
dooth mooue the leaues with pleasant sound,
If that the Kid behind
Is left, that cannot find
her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe:
The Bagpipe, Reede, or Flute,
onely with ayre if that they touched be,
With pittie all salute,
And full of loue doo brute
thy name, and sound *Diana*, seeing thee:
A faire Mayde wed to prying lealousie.

The fierce and sauage beasts
(beyond their kind and nature yet)
With pitteous voyce and brest,
In mountaines without rest
the selfe same Song doo not forget.

If

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

If that they stay'd at (*Faire*)
and had not passed to prying *Jealousie* :
With plaints of such despaire
As mou'd the gentle ayre
to teares : The Song that they did sing, should be
One of the fayrest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortunes play,
ill did they place in Beauties brest :
For since so much to say,
There was of beauties sway,
they had done well to leaue the rest.
They had enough to doo,
if in her praise their wits they did awake :
But yet so must they too,
And all thy loue that woo,
thee not too coy, nor too too proude to make,
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne
the beauty, that they heere doo touch,
Thou woul'dst then loue alone
Thy selfe, nor any one,
onely thy selfe accounting much.
But if thou doo'st conceaue
this beauty, that I will not publique make,
And mean'st not to bereaue
The world of it, but leaue
the same to some (which neuer peere did take,)
(Sweet life) doo not my secret loue forsake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.*

D*iaphenia* like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie,
 heigh hoe, how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as my Lambs
Are beloued of their Dams,
 how blest were I if thou would'st prooue me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
 faire sweete how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as each flower,
Loues the Sunnes life-giuing power.
 for dead, thy breath to life might mooue me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are exprested,
 deare loy, how I doo loue thee?
As the birds doo loue the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
 then in requite, sweet Virgin loue me

FINIS.

H. C.

¶ *The Sheeheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheeheardesse
Mimida.*

When *Flora* proud in pompe of all her flowers
fate bright and gay:
And gloried in the dewe of *Iris* showers,
and did display
Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene,
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in *Ericine* was scene.

With

ENGLANDS HELICON.

With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
Tracing as he
That held the throane of Fortune brittle glasse,
And loue to be
Like Fortune fleeting, as the restless wind
Mixed
with mists
Whose dampe dooth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame,
I cast my sight,
And sawe where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight
A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate:
And yet
twas strange,
It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,
while that a dame,
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
Discourst the same,
And said, My friend, this worme within the fire:
Which lyes
content,
Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deck'd with a crowne,
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous creast,
Gainst Fortunes frowne.
Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not foorth,
For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, so Louers liue within the fire
Of feruent loue:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,
Nor will not moue

From any heate that *Venus* force imparts:
But lie

content,

Within a fire, and waste away their harts.

Vp flew the Dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
But there stood I,

And many thoughts within my mind did shroud

My loue: for why

I felt within my hart a scorching fire,

And yet

as did

The Salamander, twas my whole desire.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

g The Sheepeheard Firmius his Song.

Sheepheards giue care, and now be still
Vnto my passions, and their cause,
and what they be:

Since that with such an earnest will,
And such great signes of friendships lawes,
you aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
Nor since I did in euery part
free-will resigne:

It is not long since in my sole
Possession, I did know my hart,
and to be mine.

It is not long, since euen and morrow,
All pleasure that my hart could finde,
was in my power:

It

ENGLANDS HELICON.

It is not long, since greefe and sorrow,
My louing hart began to binde,
and to deuoure.

It is not long, since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
still to frequent :
Nor long, since solitarie
I liu'd, and that this life did breede
my sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
as then I sawe :
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
me with his lawe.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my hart, then he did view
that there did want :
But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
then were so scant

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(My selfe estraunged euery way
from former rest :)
That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day,
in deaths arrest.

I put my hand into my side,
To see what was the cause of this
vnwonted vaine :
Where I did finde, that torments hied
By endlesse death to preiudice
my life with paine.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Because I sawe that there did want
My hart, wherein I did delight,
 my dearest hart :
And he that did the same supplant,
No iurisdiction had of right
 to play that part.

The Iudge and Robber, that remaine
Within my soule, their cause to trie,
 are there all one :
And so the giuer of the paine,
And he that is condemn'd to die
 or I, or none.

To die I care not any way,
Though without why, to die I greeue,
 as I doo seee :
But for because I heard her say,
None die for lone, for I belecue
 none such there be.

Then this thou shalt belecue by me
Too late, and without remedie
 as did in briebe :
Anaxarete, and thou shalt see,
The litle she did satisfie
 with after griebe.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ The Shepheards praise of his sacred Diana.

P Rayfed be *Dianæ*s faire and harmelesse light,
Praised be the dewes, where-with she moistns the ground :
Praised be her beames, the glory of the night,
 Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.
Prais'd

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Prais'd be her Nymphs, with whom she decks the vwoods,
Prais'd be her Knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force, by which she mooues the floods,
Let that *Diana* shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the Spheares,
She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure:
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she dooth his Chariot guide,
Mortality below her Orbe is plapt:
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide.
In her is vertues perfect Image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With *Circes* let them dwell, that thinke not so.

FINIS.

¶ The Shepheards dumpe.

Like desart Woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my hart maintaineth,
To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst hart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which foorth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
To coole the heate the helpelesse hart containeth.

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for their paines awarded:
Your Shepheards loue might be by you regarded.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

The Nymph Dianaes Song.

When that I poore soule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Presently the Fates had sworne,
To fore-tell my haplesse state.

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phœbe clips'd her siluer light:
In my birth my Mother died,
Young and faire in heauie pligh.

And the Nurse that gaue me suck,
Haplesse was in all her life:
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot:
This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a graue of woes
Daylie to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my Father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience:
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Neuer like was paid so much :
Iealoufies doo make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doo goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds, and to my Sheepe :
And with iealoufie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doo eate,
In his bed with him I lie :
But I take no rest, nor meate,
Without cruell iealoufie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he iealous is ?
In his aunswere then he failes,
Nothing can he say to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head :
In each corner he dooth peere,
And his speech is sad and dead.

Ill the poore soule liues ywis :
That so hardly married is.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Rowlands *Madrigall.*

Faire Loue rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne so cleere,
Sweete be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.

O.

Harke

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Harke this pretty bubling spring,
How it makes the Meadowes ring,
Loue now stand my friend,
Heere let all sorrow end,

And I will honour thee.

See where little *Cupid* lyes,
Looking babies in her eyes.

Cupid helpe me now,
Lend to me thy bowe,
to wound her that wounded me.

Heere is none to see or tell,
All our flocks are feeding by,
This banke with Roses spread,
Oh it is a dainty bed,
fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder Groaue,
How they chaunt vnto my Loue,
Loue be kind to me,
As I haue beene to thee,
for thou hast wonne my hart.

Calme windes blow you faire,
Rock her thou sweete gentle ayre,
O the morne is noone,
The euening comes too soone,
to part my Loue and me.

The Roses and thy lips doo meete,
Oh that life were halfe so sweete,
Who would respect his breath,
That might die such a death,
oh that life thus might die.

All the bushes that be neere,
With sweet Nightingales beset,
Hush sweete and be still,
Let them sing their fill,
there's none our ioyes to let.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sunne why doo'st thou goe so fast?
Oh why doo'st thou make such hast?
It is too early yet,

So soone from ioyes to flit,
why art thou so vnkind?

See my little Lambkins runne,
Looke on them till I haue done,
Hast not on the night,
To rob me of her sight,

that siue but by her eyes.

Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
Harke, my dogge begins to barke,
Some bodie's comming neere,
They shall not finde vs heere,
for feare of being chid.

Take my Garland and my Gloue,
Weare it for my sake my Loue,
To morrow on the greene,
Thou shalt be our Shepheards *Queene*,
crowned with Roses gay.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

¶ *Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song, complayning
of Ismeniaes crueltie.*

NO more (ô cruell Nymph,) now hast thou prayed
Enough in thy reuenge, prooue not thine ire
On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
Vnto my cost: Now mollifie thy dire
Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured:
And now raise vp (though lately it hath erred,)
A poore repenting soule, that in the obscured
Darknes of thy obliuion lyes enterred.

For it falls not in that, that should commend thee:
That such a Swaine as I may once offend thee.

O. 2.

If

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If that the little Sheepe with speede is flying
From angry Sheeheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great griefe is from the flock estrayed:
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, so farre estraying, mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
Should it not be a iust thing to receaue it?

Lift vp those eyes (*Ismenia*) which so stately
To view me, thou hast listd vp before me,
That liberty, which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the same restore me:
And that mild hart, so full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didst yeeld to me, and euer owe me,
Behold (my Nymph) I was not then so wittie
To know that sincere loue that thou didst shew me:
Now wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enimie?) say, tell me,
How thou (in greater fault and error being
Then euer I was thought) should'st thus repell me?
And with new league and cruell ritle seeing
Thy faith so pure and worthy to be changed?
And what is that *Ismenia*, that dooth bind it
To loue, whereas the same is most estranged,
And where it is impossible to finde it?
But pardon me, if heerein I abuse thee:
Since that the cause thou gau'st me dooth excuse me.

But tell me now, what honour hast thou gayned,
Auenging such a fault by thee committed,
And there-vnto by thy occasion trayned?
What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
Or what excelle that is not amply payed,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Or suffer more, that I haue not endured?
What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed,
With sauage hart, to fiercenes so adiured?
Would not such mortall grieve make milde and tender:
But that, which my fell Sheeheardesse dooth render?

Now as I haue perceaued well thy reasons,
Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me,
The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
That I haue done, wherein thou first didst set me:
The passions, and thine eares and eyes refusing
To peare and see me, meaning to vndoe me:
Canst thou to know, or be but once perusing
Th'vnfought occasions, which thou gau'st vnto me:
Thou should'st not haue where-with to more torment me:
Nor I to pay the fault my rashnes lent me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Montana the Sheeheard, his loue to Aminta.*

I Serue *Aminta*, whiter then the snowe,
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the glasse:
More fine in trip, then foote of running Roe,
More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade:
Then Winters Sunne, or Sommers cooling shade.

Sweeter then swelling Grape of ripest vvine,
Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:
Smoother then Iet, more stately then the Pine,
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.
Clearer then *Phæbus* fierie pointed beame:
Or Icie crust of Christalls frozen streame.

O. 3.

Yet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Yet is she curster then the Beare by kind,
And harder harted then the aged Oake :
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the wind,
More stiffe then Steele, no sooner bent but broake.
Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore :
Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

g The Shepheards sorrow for his Phæbes disdain.

O H Woods vnto your walks my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tying Loue,
Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
Their natue moisture poures
From forth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightnings force and Winters frost resists,
Then *Daphnes* ill betide,
And *Phæbus* lawlesse pride
Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be :
For selfe disdain in *Phæbes* hart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares
Looke louely sweete : Ah then forlorne I crie
Sweete showers for *Memnon* shed,
All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pittious plaint that still appeares,
Yields vigor to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine :
I yeeld a terror with my teares.
And while her musique wounds mine eares,

Alas

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafe-lesse bow
The haplesse bird lament her Loues depart:
I draw her biding nigh,
And sitting downe I sigh,
And sighing say: Alas, that birds auow
A setled faith, yet *Phoebe* scornes my smart,

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, fore-spent with daily greefe:
Each obiect of distresse
My sorrow dooth expresse.
I doate on that which dooth my hart vndoo:
And honour her that scornes to yeeld releefe.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ *Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song for the
May-Ladie.*

Espilus. **T**Vne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceite, the Song must needs neede be hie:
More high then starres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweete soule to whom I vowed am a slaue:
Let not wild vwoods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest mind:
As shallow Brookes doo yeeld the greatest sound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find,
Thy starres be false, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serueth Sheepe,
Among his Flock so sweete a treasure keepe.

Espilus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Epilus. Two thousand Sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not so white as is thy louely face :
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
But still take heede, least thou thy selfe submit :
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand Deere in wildest vwoods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold :
He is not poore who can his freedome saue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse :
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.

Epilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent :

Therion. Iudge you of loue, to whom all loue is bent.

This Song was sung before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene a Forrester and a Sheepheard for the May-Ladie.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

g Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph.

LOues Queene long wayting for her true-Loue,
Slaine by a Boare which he had chased,
Left off her teares, and me embraced,
She kist me sweete, and call'd me new-Loue.
With my siluer haire she toyed,
In my stayed lookes she ioyed.
Boyes (the sayd) breede beauties sorrow :
Olde men cheere it euen and morrow.

My

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My face she nam'd the seate of fauour,
All my defects her tongue defended,
My shape she prais'd, but most commended.
My breath more sweete then Balme in fauour.
Be old man with me delighted,
Loue for loue shall be required.
With her toyes at last she wone me:
Now she coyes that hath vndone me.

FINIS.

M. F. G.

g The Sheeheard Syluanus his Song.

MY life (young Sheeheardesse) for thee
Of needes to death must post:
But yet my greefe must stay with me,
After my life is lost.

The greeuous ill, by Death that cured is,
Continually hath remedy at hand:
But not that torment that is like to this,
That in flow time, and Fortunes meanes dooth stand.

And if this sorrow cannot be
Ended with life (at most:)
What then dooth this thing profit me,
A sorrow wonne or lost?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
a flattering hope, or that that had not been yet:
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I doo no lesse for hauing seene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This greefe, that kills me most:

P.

16

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If that it might be lost with me,
Or die when life is lost.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Coridons Song.

A Blithe and bonny Country-Lasse,
heigh hoe bonny-Lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasle,
and weeping sayd: will none come woo me?
A smicker Boy, a lither Swaine,
heigh hoe a smicker Swaine:
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling looks straite came vnto her.

When as the wanton Wench espied,
heigh hoe when she espied,
The meanes to make her selfe a Bride,
she simpred smooth like bonnie-bell:
The Swaine that sawe her squint-eyed kinde,
heigh hoe squint-eyed kinde,
His armes about her body twin'd
and sayd, Faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?

The Country-Kit sayd, well forsooth,
heigh hoe well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas (said he) what garres thy greefe,
heigh hoe what garres thy greefe?
A wound (quoth she) without releeve,
I feare a mayde that I shall die.

If that be all, the Sheepheard sayd,
heigh hoe the Sheepheard sayd,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

He make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,
and so recure thy maladie:
Heereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh hoe many an oath,
And fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,
so to the Church apace they hie.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh hoe the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
so kind a friend to helpe at last:
Then Maydes shall neuer long againe,
heigh hoe to long againe,
When they finde ease for such a paine,
thus my Roundelay is past.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ The Shepherds Sonnet.

M*Y fairest Ganimede disdain me not,
Though sillie Shepheard I, presume to loue thee,
Though my harsh Songs and Sonnets cannot mooue thee:
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot:
Apollo, Ioue, and many Gods beside
S'dain'd not the name of Country Shepherds Swaines,
Nor want we pleasures, though we take some paines.
We liue contentedly: A thing call'd pride
Which so corrupts the Court and euery place,
(Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
And yet of late, euen learnings selfe's infected,)
I know not what it meanes in any case.
We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,
Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our Sheepe.*

FINIS.

Rich. Barnesfelde.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Seluagia and Siluanus, their Song to Diana.*

Sel. I See thee iolly Sheeheard merrie,
And firme thy faith and sound as a berrie.

Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and Fortune gaue it,
As my desire could wish to haue it.

Sel. What didst thou wish, tell me (sweete Louer,)
Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?

Sil. To loue where loue should be inspired:
Since there's no more to be desired.

Sel. In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Think'st thou to haue no touch of sadnes?

Sil. Good Fortune gaue me not such glorie:
To mock my Loue, or make me forrie.

Sel. If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with sighs would'st thou be dying?

Sil. Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking:
For very grieve this hart is breaking.

Sel. Yet would'st thou change, I pre-thee tell me,
In seeing one that did excell me?

Sil. O no, for how can I aspire,
To more, then to mine owne desire?

Sel. Such great affection doo'st thou beare me:
As by thy words thou seem'st to sweare me?

Sil. Of thy deserts, to which a debter
I am, thou maist demandaund this better.

Sel. Sometimes me thinks, that I should sweare it,
Sometimes me thinks, thou should'st not beare it.

Sil. Onely in this my hap dooth greeue me,
And my desire, not to belecue me.

Sel. Ima-

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sol. Imagine that thou doo'st not loue mine,
But some braue beauty that's about mine.

Sil. To such a thing (sweete) doo not will me:
Where faining of the same dooth kill me.

Sol. I see thy firmeresse gentle Louer,
More then my beauty can discouer.

Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my desert, but not desire.

FINIS.

Bar. Tong.

¶ Montanus his Madrigall.

I T was a Vallie gawdie greene,
Where *Dian* at the Fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of *Dianæ's* bowers,
In the pride of *Floræ's* flowers.

A Fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Cirkled in with Cipres trees,
Set so nie,
As *Phæbus* eye
Could not doo the Virgins scathe.
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in *Armorie* is plaste
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata Cassock you might see,
Tucked vp about her knee,

P. 3.

Which

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Which did show
There below
Legges as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie:
Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witleffe, and a boy,
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent from on hie:
To pester men with miserie.

As thus the Virgins did disdain
Louers ioy and Louers paine,
Cupid nie
Did espie
Greeuing at *Dianas* Song,
Slily stole these Maydes among.

His bowe of Steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweete desire,
Which strait flies
In their eyes,
And at the entraunce made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

Calisto strait supposed *Ioue*,
Was faire and frolique for to loue.
Dian she,
Scap'd not free,
For well I wote heere-vpon,
She lou'd the Swaine *Endymion*.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Clia, Phabus, and Chloris eye
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie.*

Venus thus
Did discusse
By her Sonne in darts of fire:
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her Maydes,
Blushing thus at *Loues* braides,
With sighs all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this saw:
What so strong as *Loues* sweete law?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ *Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.*

IF *Orpheus* voyce had force to breathe such musiques loue
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:
If stones good measure daunc'd, the *Thebane* walls to build
To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphyons* Lyre did yeeld:
More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
O stones, o trees, learne heariug, *Stella* singeth.

If *Loue* might sweet'n so a boy of *Sheepheards* broode,
To make a *Lyzard* dull to tast *Loues* dauntie foode:
If *Eagle* fierce could so in *Grecian* *Mayde* delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gaue that *Loue*, heau'n I throw *Loue* defineth,
O beasts, o birds, looke, *Loue*, loe, *Stella* shineth.

The birds, stones, and trees feele this, and feeling *Loue*,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue:

Nor

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Nor beasts, nor birds doo come unto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loe is quicke, and great Loe dooth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, o eares of men, how are you charmed?

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.

Syrenus. **W**Ho hath of Cupids cates and daunties prayed,
May feede his stomach with them at his pleasure:
If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed,
Then let him quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him, and quite exempted:
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syluanus. Of Cupids daintie cates who hath not prayed,
May be deprived of them at his pleasure:
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,
Let him not quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
Let him abiure his standard and his banner:
For I not free from him, and not exempted,
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syrenus. Loe's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
That now I know not why he should be praised:
He is so false, so changing, and so double,
That with great reason he must be dispraised.
Loe in the end is such a iarring passion,
That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
For of all mischiefe he's the onely Maister:
And to my good a torment and disaster.

Syluanus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sylvanus. *Loue's so expert in giuing ioy, not trouble,
That now I know not but he should be praised:
He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
That in my minde he should not be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
That euery one may trust vnto his fashion.
For of all good he is the onely Maister:
And foe vnto my harmes, and my disaster.*

Syrenus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
He knowes that dooth not loue, nor is beloued:
Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
After I had such greefe from me remooued.
And cannot I be glad, since thus estraunged,
My selfe from false Diana I haue chaunged?
Hence, hence, false Loue, I will not entertaine thee:
Since to thy torments thou doo'st seeke to traine me.*

Sylvanus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued:
Now nights and dayes I rest in sweete desire,
After I had such happy fortune prooued.
And cannot I be glad, since not estraunged,
My selfe into Seluagia I haue chaunged?
Come, come, good Loue, and I will entertaine thee:
Since to thy sweete content thou seek'st to traine me.*

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.

S Well Ceres now, for other Gods are shrinking,
Pomona pineth,
Fruitlesse her tree:
Faure Phœbus shineth
Onely on me.

Q.

Conceite

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Conceite dooth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
How euery one dooth reade my storie,
How euery bough on *Ceres* lowreth,
Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
And they in leaues doo onely glorie,
All other Gods of power bereauen,
Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With roabes and flowers let me be dressed,
Cynthia that shineth
Is not so cleare :
Cynthia declineth
When I appeare.

Yet in this Isle she raignes as blessed,
And euery one at her dooth wonder,
And in my cares still fond fame whispers
Cynthia shall be *Ceres* Mistres,
But first my Carre shall riue in sunder.
Helpe *Phabus* helpe, my fall is suddaine:
Cynthia, *Cynthia* must be Soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie, at Bissam,
the Lady Russels, in prograce. The Authors name
unknowne to me.*

g A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.

AS to the blooming prime,
Blake Winter being fled:
From compasse of the clime,
Where Nature lay as dead,
The Riuer dull'd with time,
The greene leaues withered,
Fresh *Zephyri* (the Westerne brethren) be:
So th' honour of your fauour is to me.

For

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For as the Plaines reuiue,
And put on youthfull greene:
As plants begin to thriue,
That disfattir'd had beene:
And Arbours now aliuē,
In former pompe are seene.
So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breathes *FAMOUS* hath encreast the store.

FINIS.

E. B.

A Nymphs disdaine of Loue.

Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
amongst her Virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens most vnfitting,
And so think I, with a downe downe derrie.

VWhen women knew no woe,
but liu'd them-selues to please:
Mens sayning guiles they did not know,
the ground of their disease.
Vnborne was false suspect,
no thought of ieaousie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
the Virgins life was free.
Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing, &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
to which what Maides gaue eare:
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes,
anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
disguis'd in name of loue:
A ieaous hell, a painted show,
so shall they finde that proue.

. Q. 2.

Hey

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
amongst her Virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydenis most vnfitting.
And so thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ Apollos *Loue-Song* for faire *Daphne*.

MY hart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceaued,
The eldest was my hart, borne dumbe by destinie:
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
Yet strung and tuned, to play harts harmonic.
Both knit in one, and yet a-funder placed.
What hart would speake, the tongue dooth still discover:
What tongue dooth speake, is of the hart embraced,
And both are one, to make a new-found Louer.
New-found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whose words are deedes, but deedes nor words regarded:
Chast thoughts doo mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
Engraued vpon this tree *Daphnes* perfection:
That neither men nor Gods can force affection.

*This Dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the right
honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley Castell, at
her last being there in pro grace. The Author thereof
of vnkowne.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Sheepeheard Delicius his Dutie.

N Euer a greater foe did Loue disdain,
Or trode on grasse so gay,
Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent,
More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
Nor fairer Dame hath bound in white attire,
Or hath in Lawne more gracious features tied,
Then my sweete Enemye.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine,
In her beare equall sway :
Filling the world with wonder and content.
But they doo giue me paine and double woe,
Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
And cruell chastitie from me denied
All sence of iollitie.

There is no Rose, nor Lillie after raine,
Nor flower in moneth of May,
Nor pleasant meade, nor greene in Sommer sent,
That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
All grace and gifts on hie.

Me thinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
Her neck and breast display :
Seeing the whitest Ermine to frequent
Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,
Or farre, in shade, or Sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The Meade, the Mount, the Riuer, Wood, and Plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yield not such sweete, as that faire face that's bent

Q.3.

Sorrowes

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
to blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind and will, which wicked vice dooth staine,
her vertues breake and stay :
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule doo't hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues euer pried
about the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
my soule sings many a Lay :
Musing on her, new Seas I doo inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doo require,
For without her, the Springs of ioy are dried
and that I doo desie.

Sweete Fate, that to a noble deede doo't straine,
and lift my hart to day :
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweete seale, sweete greefe, and sweetest ouerthrowe.
Sweete miracle, whose fame cannot expire,
Sweete wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
such heauenly companie
Of beauties graces in sweete vertues died,
As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Amintas

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Amintas for his Phillis.

AVrora now began to rise againe,
From watry couch, and from old Tithons side:
In hope to kisse upon Aëteian plaine,
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On Easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged Steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
But poore Amintas hasteth him a pace,
In deserts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
You silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground:
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin
To rue the greefe of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side:
And while I die for want of my delight,
Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone that set my hart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman-kinde:
Phillis the Sunne of this our Hemisphere,
Whose beames made me, and many others blinde.
But blinded me (poore Swaine) aboue the rest,
That like olde Oedipus I lue in thrall:
Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best,
As my mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Her faire, but cruell eyes, bewitcht my sight,
Her sweete, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought:
And in her deedes I reaped such delight,
As brought both will and libertie to nought.
Therefore all hope of happines adiew,
Adiew desire the source of all my care:
Despaire tells me, my weate will nere renue,
Till thus my soule dooth passe in Charons Crare.*

*Meane time my minde must suffer Fortunes scorne,
My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene:
My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
My life decays, although my death's fore-seene.
Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but Seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest:
Where loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
(I say) desire, the Authour of vnrest.*

*And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate:
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee
My being with my selfe at foule debate.
My humble vovves, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs and sighs, and euer-watching eyes:
My plaintive teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer-ceasing cries.*

*No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade,
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist:
That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs:
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.*

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

¶ *Faustus and Firminus sing to their Nymph by turnes.*

Firminus. O mine owne selfe I doo complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such:
That my true loue it dooth restraine,
And onely this dooth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus. Thou doo'st obserue who dooth not see,
To be belou'd a great deale more:
But yet thou shalt not finde such store.
Of loue in others as in me:
For all I haue I giue to thee.
Yet faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firminus. O trie no other Sheepheard Swaine,
And care not other loues to proue,
Who though they giue thee all their loue:
Thou canst not such as mine obtaine.
And would'st thou haue in loue more gaine?
O yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impossible it is (my friend)
That any one should me excell
In loue, whose loue I will refell,
If that with me he will contend:
My loue no equall hath, nor end.
And yet I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Firminus. Behold how Loue my soule hath charm'd,
Since first thy beauties I did see,
(Which is but little yet to me.)

R

My

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My freest senses I haue harm'd
(To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
And yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. I euer gaue, and giue thee still
Such store of loue, as Loue hath lent me:
And therefore well thou maist content thee,
That Loue dooth so enrich my fill:
But now behold my cheefest will,
That faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Sireno a Sheeheard, hauing a lock of his faire Nimphs haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes thus in a Lone-Dittie.*

W^Hat chang's heere, ô haire,
I see since I saw you?
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due?

In deede I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare:
No other Sheeheard should haue scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
My *Dian* made me shew,
With thousand prettie childish playes,
If I ware you or no?
Alas, how oft with teares,
(Oh teares of guilefull brest:)
She seemed full of iealous feares,
Whereat I did but iest?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Tell me ô haire of gold,
If I then faultie be :
That trust those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me ?
Haue you not seene her moode,
What streames of teares she spent :
Till that I sware my faith so stooode,
As her words had it bent ?

Who hath such beautie seene,
In one that changeth so ?
Or where one loues, so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe ?
Ah haire, you are not greeu'd,
To come from whence you be :
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit :
Where, *Sooner die then change my state,*
She with her finger writ.
Thus my beleefe was stay'd,
Behold Loues mighty hand
On things, were by a vvoman say'd,
And written in the sand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of Diana of
Montmaior.*

*A Song betweene Taurisius and Diana, answering verse
for verse.*

Taurisius. **T**He cause why that thou doo'st denie
To looke on me, sweete foe impart ?
Diana. Because that dooth not please the eye.
Which dooth offend and greue the hart.

R. 2.

Taurisius.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Taurisus. What woman is, or euer was,
That when she looketh, could be mou'd ?

Diana. She that resolues her life to passe,
Neyther to loue, nor to be lou'd.

Taurisus. There is no hart so fierce and hard,
That can so much torment a soule :

Diana. Nor Sheepheard of so small regard,
That reason will so much controule.

Taurisus. How falls it out Loue dooth not kill
Thy crueltie with some remorse ?

Diana. Because that Loue is but a will,
And free-will dooth admit no force.

Taurisus. Behold what reason now thou hast,
To remedie my louing smart :

Diana. The very same bindes me as fast,
To keepe such daunger from my hart.

Taurisus. Why doo'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe ?

Diana. Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittilesse when thou doo'st weepe.

Taurisus. Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me dooth neuer end ?

Diana. Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My hart from sorrow to defend.

Taurisus. Be bold so foule I am no way
As thou doo'st think, faire Sheepheardesse :

Diana. With this content thee, that I say,
That I beleeeue the same no lesse.

Taurisus. What, after giuing me such store
Of passions, doo'st thou mock me too ?

Diana. If aunsweres thou wilt any more.
Goe seeke them without more adoo.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

J Another

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Another Song before her Maiestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Sheepheard, attended on by sundrie other Sheepheards and Nymphs.

Hearbs, words, and stones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbs, words, and stones, I vsed when loued:
Hearbs (smells, words winde, stones hardnes haue procured,
By stones, nor words, nor hearbs her mind was moued.
I ask'd the cause: this was a womans reason,
Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused:
Deceite as well as trueth speakes words in season,
False stones by foiles haue many one abused.
I sigh'd, and then she sayd, my fancie smoaked,
I gaz'd, she sayd, my lookes were follies glauncing:
I sounded dead, she sayd, my loue was choaked,
I started vp, she sayd, my thoughts were dauncing.
Oh sacred Loue, if thou haue any Godhead:
Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.

FINIS.

Anonimus.

¶ The Sheepheards Song: a Caroll or Himne for Christmas.

Sweete Musique, sweeter farre
Then any Song is sweete:
Sweete Musique heauenly rare,
Mine eares (ô peeres) dooth greete.
You gentle flocks, whose fleeces pearl'd with dewe,
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, ô listen, now, ô not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night,
But voyces most diuine,
Make blisfull Harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?

R. 3.

Tunes

ENGLANDS-HELICON.

Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see :
The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold :
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christalls such reflection giue :
What then dooth make the Element so bright ?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the Song,
Glorie to glories King :
And peace all men among,
These Queristers doo sing.
Angels they are, as also (Sheepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doo admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
Your soules (said he) annoy :
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.
For loe the worlds great Sheepheard now is borne
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power :
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowning *Bethlem* in the Sauour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets scene a farre :
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.
In *Dauids* Cittie dooth this Sunne appeare :
Clouded in flesh, yet Sheepheards fit we heere.

FINIS.

E. B.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Arfileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new marriage, betweene
Syrenus and Diana.*

Let now each Meade with flowers be depainted,
Of sundry colours sweetest odours glowing:
Roses yeeld forth your sinells so finely tainted,
Calme winds the greene leaues mooue with gentle blowing,
The Christall Riuers flowing
With waters be encreased:
And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
From mournfull plaints and sadnes.
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Let Springs and Meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding:
Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding.
And since by new proceeding,
With marriage now obtained,
A great content by great contempt is gained,
And you deuoyd of sadnes,
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
And soule to leaue her strong determination,
And make vs freeze in Ice, and melt in fires,
And nicest harts to loue with emulation,
Who rids vs from vexation,
And all our minds commaundeth?
But great *Felicia*, that his might withstandeth,
That fill'd our harts with sadnes,
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber
(Bridegroome and happy Bride) each heauenly power
Your flocks, with double Lambs encreas'd in number,
May neuer tast vnfaurie grasse and sower.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Winters frost and shower
Your Kids (your pretie pleasure)
May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
To driue away all sadnes:
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Of that sweete ioy delight you with such measure,
Betweene you both faire issue to engender:
Longer then *Nestor* may you liue in pleasure,
The Gods to you such sweete content surrender,
That may make mild and tender,
The beasts in euery mountaine,
And glad the fields, and vwoods, and euery Fountaine,
Abiuring former sadnes,
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
Let gentle winds refresh you with their blowing:
Let fields and Forrests with their good requite you,
And *Flora* decke the ground where you are going.
Roses and Violets strowing,
The Iasmine and the Gilliflower,
With many more, and neuer in your bower,
To tast of household sadnes:
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
And in your ioyfull state liue you so quiet:
That with the plague of ieaiousie tormented
You may not be, nor fed with Fortunes diet.
And that your names may flie yet,
To hills vnknowne with glorie.
But now because my breast so hoarce, and sorrie
It faine, may rest from singing:
End Nymphs your Songs, that in the clouds are ringing.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Philistus farewell to false Clorinda.*

Clorinda false adiew, thy loue torments me :
Let *Thirsis* haue thy hart, since he contents thee.
Oh greefe and bitter anguish,
For thee I languish,
Faine I (alas) would hide it,
Oh, but who can abide it ?
I can, I cannot I abide it.
Adiew, adiew then,
Farewell,
Leaue my death now desiring :
For thou hast thy requiring.
Thus spake *Philistus*, on his hooke relying :
And sweetly tell a dying.

FINIS.

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.

¶ *Rosalindes Madrigall.*

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,
dooth suck his sweete :
Now with his wings he playes with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton will ye ?

And if I sleepe, then pierceth he,
with prettie slight :
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my Lute, he tunes the string,
S.

He

ENGLANDS HELICON.

He musique playes if I but sing,
He lends me euery louely thing,
Yet cruell he my hart dooth sting.
Whist wanton, still ye.

Elke I with Roses euery day
will whip ye hence :
And binde ye when ye long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
Alas, what heereby shall I winne
If he gaine-say me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be :
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O *Cupid*, so thou pittie me,
Spare not, but play thee.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus and Arfilius.

Syl. **S**heepheard, why doo'st thou hold thy peace?
Sing, and thy ioy to vs report :
Arfil. My ioy good Sheepheard) should be lesse,
If it were told in any sort.
Syl. Though such great fauours thou doo'st winne,
Yet daigne thereof to tell some part :
Arfil. The hardest thing is to begin,
In enterprizes of such Art.

Syl. Come

ENGLANDS HELICON.

- Syl.* Come make an end, no cause omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in :
- Arfil.* How should I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin ?
- Syl.* It is not iust, we should consent,
That thou should'st not thy ioyes recite :
- Arfil.* The soule that felt the punishment,
Dooth onely feele this great delight.
- Syl.* That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not told abroade to manie :
- Arfil.* If it be such a ioy as mine,
It neuer can neuer be told to anie.
- Syl.* How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force ?
- Arfil.* I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorce.
- Syl.* So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to with-hold :
- Arfil.* But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.
- Syl.* Yet haue I heard thee heeretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report :
- Arfil.* I said, I had of ioy some store,
But not how much, nor in what fort.
- Syl.* Yet when a ioy is in excesse,
It selfe it will oft-times vnfold:
- Arfil.* Nay, such a ioy would be the lesse,
If but a word thereof were told.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Montanus Sonnet.

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies :

S. 2

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Sheeheard to asswage
The furie of the heate,
Him selfe dooth safely seate
By a Fount
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath
Mounting from beneath,
tempereth the ayre.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,
And with ease repose,
While sweet sleepe doth close
Eyes from toying ill,
But I burne,
Without rest,
No defensiu power
Shields from *Phæbus* lower,
sorrow is my best.
Gentle Loue
Lower no more,
If thou wilt inuade
In the secret shade,
Labour not so sore
I my selfe
And my flocks,
They their Loue to please,
I my selfe to ease,
Both leaue the shadie Oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Loue dooth so desire.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Nymph Seluagia her Song.

S Heepheard, who can passe such wrong,
And a life in woes so deepe?
Which to liue is to too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Greeuous sighs in vaine I wast,
Leefing my affiance, and
I perceauē my hope at last
with a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
bitter hopes, that neuer sleepe?
When this life is to too long,
as it is too short to weepe.

This greefe which I feele so rife,
(wretch) I doo deserue as hire:
Since I came to put my life
in the hands of my desire.

Then cease not my complaints so strong,
for (though life her course dooth keepe :)
It is not to liue so long,
as it is too short to weepe.

FINIS.

Bar. Tong.

g The Heard-mans happie life.

W Hat pleasure haue great Princes,
more daintie to their choice,
Then Heardmen wilde, who carelesse,
in quiet life reioyce?

S. 3.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And Fortunes Fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voide of all deceite :
They neuer know how spightfull,
it is to kneele and waite ;
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day theyr flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their rest :
More quiet then who sendeth
his ship into the East ;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For Lawyers and their pleading,
they'steeme it not a straw :
They thinke that honest meaning,
is of it selfe a law ;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold :
With cloathing which suffiseth,
to keepe him from the cold.
Though poore and plaine his diet :
Yet merrie it is and quiet.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Cinthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.*

NEere to the Riuer banks, with greene
And pleasant trees on euery side,
Where freest minds would most haue beene,
That neuer felt braue *Cupids* pride,
To passe the day and tedious howers:
Amongst those painted meades and flowers.

A certaine Sheepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede:
Not sorrowfull in outward show,
But troubled with such greefe indeede,
As cruell Loue is wont t'impart
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Sheepheard euery day did die,
For loue he to *Diana* bare:
A Sheepheardeste so fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and passing faire,
Excelling more in beauties feature:
Then any other humane creature.

Who had not any thing, of all
She had, but was extreame in her,
For meanely wise none might her call,
Nor meanely faire, for he did erre
If so he did: but should deuise
Her name of passing faire and wise.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
Which if she had not, then be sure
He might haue suffered all that woe
Which afterward he did endure
When he was gone, with lesser paine:
And at his comming home againe.

For

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For when indeede the hart is free
From suffering paine or torments smart :
If wisedome dooth not ouer-see
And beareth not the greatest part ;
The smallest greefe and care of minde :
Dooth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a Riuer swift and great,
That famous *Ezra* had to name :
The carefull Sheeheard did repeate
The feares he had by absence blame,
Which he suspect where he did keepe :
And feede his gentle Lambs and Sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
His Sheeheardesse, that there about
Was on the mountaines of that old
And auncient *Leon*, seeking out
From place to place the pastures best :
Her Lambs to feede, her selfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay,
When on those hills she was not seene :
Was thinking of that happie day,
When *Cupid* gaue him such a Queene
Of beautie, and such cause of ioy :
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet sayd (poore man) when he did see
Him selfe so sunke in sorrowes pit :
The good that Loue hath giuen me,
I onely doo imagine it,
Because this neereft harme and trouble :
Heereafter I should suffer double.

The Sunne for that it did decline,
The carelesse man did not offend
With fierie beames, which scarce did shine,

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kindle fire:
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde:
Christaline streames with their delight,
And Nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse:
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ The Sheepheard to the flowers.

Sweete Violets (*Loues Paradise*) that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
Within your palie faces:
Vpon the gentle wing of some calme-breathing-winde
That playes amidst the Plaine,
If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
Such grace as in my Ladies bosome place to finde:
Be proude to touch those places.
And when her warmth your moisture forth dooth weare,
Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed:
Your honours of the flowrie Meades I pray,
You prettie daughters of the earth and Sunne:
With mild and seemely breathing straite display
My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone.

Vermillion Roses, that with new dayes rise
Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
Whose radiant bright, disgraces
The rich adorned rays of roseate rising morne,
Ah if her Virgins hand
Doo plucke her pure, ere Phoebus view the land,

T.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*And vaile your gracious pompe in louely Natures scorne.
 If chaunce my Mistres traces
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommers ayre :
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their teares, Adonis death reporting,
 And tell Loues torments, sorrowing for her friend :
 Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting,
 Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.
 Then may remorse, in pitying of my smart :
 Drie up my teares, and dwell within her hart.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

g The Sheeheard Arsilius, his Song to his Rebeck.

NOW Loue and Fortune turne to me againe,
 And now each one enforceth and assures
 A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine :
 And from the harbour of mishaps assures
 A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
 With vnexpected gladnes, that admires
 My soule to lay a-side her mourning tire,
 And sences to prepare a place for ioy,
 Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire.
 For euery greefe of that extreame annoy,
 Which when my torment raign'd, my soule (alas)
 Did feele, the which long absence did destroy,
 Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
 So great the torment of my passed ill :
 As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
 Returne my hart, surfaulted with the fill
 Of thousand great vnrests, and thousand feares :
 Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will,
 And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
 For soone you shall behold her with delight,
 For whom my spoiles with glorie Cupid beares.

Sences

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sences which seeke my starre so cleare and bright,
By making heere and there your thoughts estray:
Tell me, what will you feele before her sight?
Hence solitarinesse, torments away,
Felt for her sake, and wearied members cast
Of all your paine, redeem'd this happie day.
O stay not time, but passe with speedie hast,
And Fortune hinder not her comming now,
O God, betides me yet this greefe at last:
Come my sweete Sheeheardesse, the life which thou
(Perhaps) didst thinke was ended long agoe,
At thy commaund is readie still to bow.
Comes not my Sheeheardesse desired so?
O God, what if she's lost, or if she stray
Within this vwood, where trees so thick doo grow?
Or if this Nymph that lately went away,
Perhaps forgot to goe and seeke her out:
No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
Thou onely art my Sheeheardesse, about
Whose thoughts my soule shall finde her ioy and rest:
Why comm'st not then to assure it from doubt?
O seest thou not the Sunne passe to the West?
And if it passe, and I behold thee not:
Then I my wonted torments will request
And thou shalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Another of Astrophell to his Stella.

I Na Groaue most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musique made;
May, then young, his pyed weedes showing,
New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing.
Astrophell with Stella sweete,
Did for mutuall comfort meete

T. 2.

Both

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Both within them-selues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare :
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoake did vanish.
Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares them-selues did smile.
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt,
Sighs of woes, were glad sighs mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each vvord,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake,
Loue did set his lips a-sunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.
Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heavenly fire,
Stella, Loadstarre of desire.

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of *Cupids* skies,
Whose beames where they once are darted,
Loue there-with is straite imparted.
Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all a-sunder breakes.
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each Character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Saue thy minde, which it surpasseth.

Graunt,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Graunt, ô graunt : but speech alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe.
Graunt, ô me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (ô deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may mooue you.
Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it.
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
The birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde, which so sweete is,
See how it the leaues dooth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring
Sence of loue to loue inspiring.
Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke :
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine.
But her hands, his hands repelling :
Gauē repulse, all grace excelling.
Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not eares, but hart did touch :
While such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,
Cease in these effects to proue.
Now be still, yet still beleue me,
Thy greefe more then death dooth greeue me.
If that any thought in me,
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me feede with hellish anguish,
Ioylesse, helplesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deere as you to me :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let me home returne starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.
If to secret of my hart
I doo any with impart:
Where thou art not formost placed;
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
All my blisse on thee I lay.
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee denie,
In my selfe the smart I trie.
Tirant, honour dooth thus vse thee,
Stellae selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore (deere) this no more moue,
Least, though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed:
I should blush when thou art named.
There-with-all, away she went,
Leauing him to passion rent:
With what she had done and spoken,
That there-with my Song is broken.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Syrenus his Song to Dianaes Flocks.*

PAssed contents,
Oh what meane ye?
For sake me now, and doo not wearie me.

VVilt thou heare me ô memorie,
My pleasant dayes, and nights againe,
I haue appai'd with seauen-fold paine.
Thou hast no more to aske me why,
For when I went, they all did die
As thou doo'st see:
O leaue me then, and doo not wearie me.

Greene

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Greene field, and shadowed valley, where
Sometime my chieftest pleasure was,
Behold what I did after passe.
Then let me rest, and if I beare
Not with good cause continuall feare:
Now doo you see,
O leaue me then, and doo not trouble me.

I saw a hart changed of late,
And wearied to assure mine:
Then I was forced to recure mine
By good occasion, time, and fate.
My thoughts that now such passions hate
O what meane ye?
For sake me now, and doo not wearie me.
You Lambs and Sheepe that in these Layes,
Did sometime follow me so glad:
The merrie houres, and the sad
Are passed now, with all those dayes.
Make not such mirth and wunted playes
As once did ye.
For now no more, you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me in deede:
I haue no ill for comforts neede.
But if to kill me: Then (in some)
Now my ioyes are dead and dombe,
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To Amarillis.

THough *Amarillis* daunce in greene,
Like Faerie Queene,
And sing full cleere,
With smiling cheere.

Yet since her eyes make hart so sore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My Sheepe are lost for want of foode
And I so wood
That all the day :

I sit and watch a Heard-mayde gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore :
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vaine :

I loue to like, and loose my gaine,
For her that thanks me not therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire

Breedes flames of yce, and freeze in fire.

You scorne to see me weepe so sore :

hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Loue ye who list, I force him not,
Sith God it wot
The more I waile :

The lesse my sighs and teares preuaile.

What shall I doo, but say therefore,

hey hoe, chill loue no more ?

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Shepheard Faustus.

Faustus, if thou wilt reade from me
These fewe and simple lines,
By them most clearely thou shalt see,
How little should accounted be
Thy faigned words and signes.
For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
Shepheard, thou must not scan:
That euer it came to my minde,
To praise thy faith like to the winde,
Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
As smoake blowne in the aire:
Or like Quick-siluer turning round,
Or as a house built on the ground
Offands that doo impaire.
To firmenesse thou art contrarie,
More slipprie then the Ecce:
Changing as Weather-cocke on hie,
Or the Cameliion on the die,
Or Fortunes turning wheele.

V Who would beleue thou wert so free,
To blaze me thus each houre?
My Shepheardesse, thou liu'st in me,
My soule dooth onely dwell in thee,
And euery vitall power.
Pale Atropos my vitall string
Shall cut, and life offend:
The streames shall first turne to their spring.
The world shall end, and euery thing,
Before my loue shall end.

This loue that thou didst promise me,
Shepheard, where is it found?

V.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The word and faith I had of thee,
O tell me now, where may they be,
Or where may they resound?
Too soone thou didst the tittle gaine
Of giuer of vaine words:
Too soone my loue thou didst obtaine,
Too soone thou lou'dst *Diana* in vaine,
That nought but scornes affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
That much thy patience mooues:
That though *Diana* dooth excell
In beautie, yet she keepes not well
Her faith, nor loyall prooues.
Thou then hast chosen, each one faith,
Thine equall, and a throw:
For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
Her Loue and Louer she betrayeth,
So like to like may goe.

If now this Sonnet which I send
Will anger thee: Before
Remember *Faustus* (yet my friend,)
That if these speeches doo offend,
Thy deedes doo hurt me more.
Thus let each one of vs amend,
Thou deedes, I words so spent:
For I confesse I blame my pen,
Doo thou as much, so in the end,
Thy deedes thou doo repent.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Of Phillida.

AS I beheld, I saw a Heardman wilde,
with his *sheepe-hooke* a picture fine deface:
Which he sometime his fancie to beguile,
had carv'd on bark of Beech in secret place.
And with despite of most afflicted minde,
through deepe dispaire of hart, for lone dismaid:
He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
and weeping sore, these wofull words he said.
Ah Phillida, would God thy picture faire,
I could as lightly blot out of my brest:
Then should I not thus rage in deepe dispaire,
and teare the thing sometime I liked best.
But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot:
What printed is in hart, on tree to blot.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Sheeheard Narcissus.

YOung Sheeheard turne a-side, and moue
Me not to follow thee:
For I will neither kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

Since I will liue, and neuer show,
Then die not, for my loue I will not giue
For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
As I doo meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the louer so dooth prone,
His death, as thou doo'st see:

V. 2.

Be

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Be bold I will not kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g His answere to the Nymphs Song.

IF to be lou'd it thee offend,
I cannot choose but loue thee still:
And so thy greefe shall haue no end,
Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with greefe complaine,
since such a torment I endure:
Or else fulfill thy great disdain,
to end my life with death most sure.
For as no credite thou wilt lend,
and as my loue offends thee still:
So shall thy sorrowes haue no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If that by knowing thee, I could
leauē off to loue thee as I doo:
Not to offend thee, then I would
leauē off to like and loue thee too.
But since all loue to thee dooth tend,
and I of force must loue thee still:
Thy greefe shall neuer haue an end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g Her

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Her present aunswere againe to him.

ME thinks thou tak'st the worser way,
(Enamoured Sheeheard) and in vaine
That thou wilt seeke thine owne decay,
To loue her, that dooth thee disdaine.

For thine owne selfe, thy wofull hart
Keepe still, else art thou much to blame:
For she to whom thou gau'st each part
Of it, disdaines to take the same.

Follow not her that makes a play,
And iest of all the greefe and paines:
And seeke not (Sheeheard) thy decay.
To loue her that thy loue disdaines.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g His last replie.

SInce thou to me wert so vnkinde,
My selfe I neuer loued, for
I could not loue him in my minde,
Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'st abhorre.

If viewing thee, I sawe thee not,
And seeing thee, I could not loue thee:
Dying, I should not liue (God wot)
Nor liuing, should to anger moue thee.

But it is well that I doo finde
My life so full of torments, for
All kinde of ills doo fit his minde
Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'st abhorre.

V. 3.

In

ENGLANDS HELICON.

In thy obliuion buried now
My death I haue before mine eyes :
And heere to hate my selfe I vow,
As (cruell) thou doo'st me despise.

Contented euer thou didst finde
Me with thy scornes, though neuer (for
To say the trueth) I ioyed in minde,
After thou didst my loue abhorre.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Philon the Shepheard, his Song.*

WHile that the Sunne with his beames hot,
Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine :
Philon the Shepheard late forgot,
Sitting besides a Christall Fountaine :
In shaddow of a greene Oake tree,
Vpon his Pipe this Song plaid he.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue :
Your minde is light, soone lost for new loue.

So long as I was in young fight,
I was as your hart, your soule, and treasure :
And euermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three dayes endured your loue to me :
And it was lost in other three.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue. &c.

Another Shepheard you did see,
To whom your hart was soone enchained :
Full soone your loue was leapt from me,
Full soone my place he had obtained.

Soone

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Soone came a third, your loue to win:
And we were out, and he was in.

Adiew Loue. &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
That you your minde so soone remoued:
Before that I the leysure had,
To choose you for my best beloued.
For all my loue was past and done:
Two dayes before it was begun.
Adiew Loue. &c.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ *Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.*

I N dewe of Roses, steeping her louely cheekes,
Lycoris thus fate weeping.
Ah *Dorus* false, that hast my hart bereft me,
And now vnkinde hast left me.
Heare alas, oh heare me,
Aye me, aye me,
Cannot my beautie mooue thee?
Pitty, yet pittie me,
Because I loue thee.
Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:
And this thou doo'st, and all to slay me.
Why doo then,
Kill me, and vaunt thee:
Yet my Ghoast
Still shall haunt thee.

FINIS.

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.

¶ To

ENGLANDS HELICON.

§ To his Flocks.

BUrst forth my teares, assist my forward greefe,
And shew what paine imperious loue pronokes
Kinde tender Lambs, lament Lones scant releefe,
And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yokes,
Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender Flocks.

Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
At Beauties gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yokes:
Oh greene to heare my greefe, my tender Flocks.

Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mocks:
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene,
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the Rocks,
That both the Sheeheard kills, and his poore Flocks.

FINIS.

§ To his Loue.

COme away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the ayre,
Of loue and pleasure speakes.
Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And sweet Rosie lips to kisse:
And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
Eyes were made for beauties grace,
Viewing, ruing Loues long paine:
Procur'd by beauties rude disdain.

Come

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning waits:
While the Sunne from his Sphere
His fierie arrowes casts,
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the Groaue:
To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thither sweet Loue let vs hie
Flying, dying in desire:
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heauenly fire.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
Doo not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise
Like to the naked morne.
Lillies on the Riuers side,
And faire *Cyprian* flowers new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is Noise or pride,
Pleasure, measure, Loues delight:
Hast then sweet Zone our wished flight.

FINIS.

g Another of his Cinthia.

AWay with these selfe-louing-Lads,
Whom *Cupids* arrowe neuer glads.
Away poore soules that sigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe,
For *Cupid* is a Meadow God:
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God *Cupids* shaft like destenie,
Dooth eyther good or ill decree.
Desert is borne out of his bowe,

X.

Reward

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Reward vpon his feete doth goe.

What fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My songs they be of *Cinthias* prayse,

I weare her Rings on Holly-dayes,

On euery Tree I write her name,

And euery day I reade the same.

Where Honor, *Cupids* riual is:

There miracles are seene of his.

If *Cinthia* craue her ring of mee,

I blot her name out of the tree.

If doubt doe darken things held deere:

Then welfare nothing once a yeere.

For many run, but one must win:

Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

The worth that worthines should moue,

Is loue, which is the due of loue.

And loue as well the Shepheard can,

As can the mightie Noble man.

Sweet Nymph tis true, you worthy be,

Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

FINIS.

g Another to his Cinthia.

MY thoughts are wingde with hopes, my hopes with loue,
Mount loue vnto the Moone in cleereft night:

And say, as thee doth in the heauens moue,

On earth so waines and wexeth my delight.

And whisper this but softly in her cares:

Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carry,
If for mistrust my Mistrisse doe you blame:
Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie,
As shee doth change, and yet remaine the same.
Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.

If shee for this, with clowdes doe maske her eyes,
And make the heauens darke with her disdain:
With windie sighes disperse them in the skyes,
Or with thy teares dissolue them into rayne.
Thoughts, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till Cynthia shine, as shee hath done before.

FINIS.

*¶ These three duties were taken out of Maister
John Dowlands booke of tableture for the Lute, the
Authors names not there set downe, & therefore left
to their owners.*

Montanus Sonnet in the woods.

Las, how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde access?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarme of reason, spoyld of Natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my hartnes),
With endlesse greefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My silent tongue assailede by secrete feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisond in their ioy:
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,

X 2.

My

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My hart enforc'd to harbour in annoy.
My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions, slaue to euery ioy.
Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way:
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

The shepheards sorrow, being disdained in loue.

MVses helpe me, sorrow swarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with Seas of languish:
Haplesse hope my solace harmeth,
Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in vworld vntrustinie:
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie old, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned,
Fortunes darling proud and dreadlesse:
Darksome night dooth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needelesse.

Rob the Spheare of lines vnited,
Make a suddaine voide in nature:
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
This I weepe for, this I sorrow:
Muses, if you please to tarie,
Further helpe I meane to borrow.

Courted once by Fortunes fauour,
Compass now with Enuies curses:

All

ENGLANDS HELICON.

All my thoughts of sorrowes fauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the Souffes.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my hart enjoyed:
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimeed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my vveale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring:
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse showing.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged:
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are chaunged.

Louely Swaine with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended:
You my Flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drink and fodder, foode and folding,
Had my Lambs and Ewes together:
I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth and Winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and Lambs are pain'd with pining:
I with Ewes and Lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence, leaue thy Caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull Swaine to tender:
Though disdaines I haue endured.
Yet I am no deepe offender.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Phillips Sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little:
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Though my Sunne he neuer showeth:
Though I weepe, I am not mouined,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle silence be their couer:
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching Taper.

Kisse them silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merrie:
Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Sheepheard strayeth,
In thy walks and shades vnhauited:
Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*5 A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two Nymphes,
each answering other line for line.*

Flee on the sleights that men deuise,
 heigh hoe fillie sleights :
When simple Maydes they would entice,
 Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
 eyes like beames of burning Sunne :
And men once caught, they soone despise,
 so are Sheepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
 happy man is he :
By trusting him she is betraide,
 sie vpon such treacherie.
If Maides win young men with their guiles,
 heigh hoe guilefull greefe :
They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
 that murder men without releefe.

I know a simple Country Hinde,
 heigh hoe fillie Swaine :
To whom faire *Daphne* prooued kinde,
 was he not kinde to her againe ?
He vowed by *Pan* with many an oath,
 heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he :
Yet since hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
 troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceaued many a Swaine,
 sie on false deccite :
And plighted troath to them in vaine,
 there can be no greefe more great.
Her measure was with measure paide,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede:

She

ENGLANDS HELICON.

She was beguil'd that had betraide,
so shall all deceauers speede.

If euery Maide were like to me,
heigh hoe hard of hart :
Both loue and louers scorn'd should be,
scorners shall be sure of smart.
If euery Maide were of my minde,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe louely sweete :
They to their Louers should prooue kinde,
kindnes is for Maydens meete.

Me thinks loue is an idle toy,
heigh hoe busie paine :
Both wit and sence it dooth annoy,
both sence & wit thereby we gaine.
Tush *Phyllis* cease, be not so coy,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdaine :
I know you loue a Sheepheards boy,
fie that Maydens so should faine.

Well *Amarillis*, now I yeeld,
Sheepheards pipe aloude :
Loue conquers both in towne and field,
like a Tirant, fierce and proude.
The euening starre is vp ye see,
Vesper shines, we must away :
Would euery Louer might agree,
so we end our Roundelay.

FINIS.

H. C.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Shepherds Antheme.

NEere to a bancke with Roses set about,
Where prettie Turtles ioyning bill to bill :
And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
Washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill.
There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
his bow and arrowes broken :
Bedewde with teares from *Venus* eyes,
Oh that it should be spoken.

Beare him my hart, slaine with her scornfull eye,
Where sticks the arrow that poore hart did kill :
With whose sharpe pyle, yet will him ere he die,
About my hart to write his latest will.

And bid him send it backe to mee,
at instant of his dying :
That cruell, cruell shee may see,
my fayth and her denying.

His Hearse shall be a mournfull Cypres shade,
And for a Chauntrie, Philomels sweet lay :
Where prayer shall continually be made,
By Pilgrime louers, passing by that way.

With Nymphs and Shepherds yeerely mone,
his timelesse death beweeeping :
And telling that my hart alone,
hath his last will in keeping.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

The Countesse of Pembrookes Pastorall.

AShepherd and a Shepheardesse,
sate keeping sheepe vpon the downes :
His lookes did gentle blood expresse,
her beauty was no foode for clownes.
Sweet louely twaine, what might you be ?

Y.

Two

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Two fronting hills bedest with flowers,
they chose to be each others seate :
And there they stole theyr amorous houres,
with sighes and teares, poore louers meate,
Fond Loue that feed'st thy seruants so.

Faire freend, quoth he, when shall I liue,
That am halfe dead, yet cannot die ?
Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
to him whose life hangs in your eye ?
Beautie is milde, and will not kill.

Sweet Swaine, quoth shee, accuse not mee,
that long haue been thy humble thrall :
But blame the angry destinie,
whose kinde consent might finish all,
Vngentle Fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our Parents hate,
disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one :
They may repent, and all too late
if chyldelesse they be left alone.
Father nor freend, should wrong true loue.

The Parents frowne, said shee, is death,
to children that are held in awe :
From them we drew our vitall breath,
they challenge dutie then by law,
Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway,
on these our earthly bodies heere :
But with our soules deale not they may,
the God of loue doth hold them deere.
Hee is most meet to rule true loue.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I know, said shee, tis worse then hell,
when Parents choyse must please our eyes:
Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
forc'd loue in desperate danger dies.
Fayre mayde, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth hee, might see the houre,
of that sweet state which neuer ends,
Our heavenly gree might haue the power,
to make our Parents as deere freends.
All rancour yeelds to soueraine loue.

Then God of loue, sayd shee, consent,
and shew some wonder of thy power:
Our Parents, and our owne content,
may be confirme by such an houre,
Graunt greatest God to further loue.

The Fathers, who did alwayes tend,
when thus they got theyr priuate walke,
As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
vnknowne to each, heard all this talke.
Poore soules to be so crost in loue.

Behind the hills whereon they sate,
they lay this while and listned all:
And were so moued both thereat,
that hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open sight,
poore Louers, Lord how they were mazde?
And hand in hand the Fathers plight,
whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
Hope now begins to further loue.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
 of loue, that at no time should ceasse:
They likewise ioyned hand in hand,
 the Shepheard and the Shepheardesse.
Like fortune still befall true loue.

FINIS.

Shep. Tomie.

Another of Astrophell.

THe Nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her rested sence a perfect waking:
While late bare earth, proude of newe clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her Song-booke making.
 And mournfully bewayling
 Her throate in tunes expresth,
 What greefe her brest oppresseth,
 For *Tereus* force, on her chaste will preuailing.
Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take some gladnes,
That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, shee hath no other cause of languish
But *Tereus* loue, on her by strong hand wroken:
Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
Full woman-like complaines, her will was broken.
 But I, who daily crauing,
 Cannot haue to content mee:
 Haue more cause to lament mee,
 Sith wanting is more woe, then too much hauing.
Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take some gladnes,
That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes,
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of Faire Phillis and her Shepheard.

Shepheard, saw you not
my faire louely *Phillis*,
Walking on this mountaine,
or on yonder plaine?
She is gone this way to *Dianaes* Fountaine,
and hath left me wounded,
with her high disdaine.
Aye me, she is faire,
And without compare,
Sorrow come and sit with me:
Loue is full of feares,
Loue is full of teares,
Loue without these cannot be.
Thus my passions paine me,
For my loue hath slaine me,
Gentle Shepheard beare a part:
Pray to *Cupids* mother,
For I know no other
that can helpe to ease my smart.

Shepheard, I haue scene
thy faire louely *Phillis*
Where her flocks are feeding,
by the *Riuers* side:
Oh, I must admire
she so farre exceeding
In surpassing beautie,
should surpassse in pride.
But alas I finde,
They are all vnkinde
Beauty knowes her power too well:
When they list, they loue,
When they please, they moue,
thus they turne our heauen to hell.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For their faire eyes glauncing,
Like to *Cypids* dauncing,
roule about still to deceaue vs:
With vaine hopes deluding,
Still dispraise concluding,
Now they loue, and now they leaue vs.

Thus I doo despaire,
haue her I shall neuer,
If she be so coy,
lost is all my loue:
But she is so faire
I must loue her euer,
All my paine is ioy,
which for her I proue.
If I should her trie,
And she should denie
heauie hart with woe will breake:
Though against my will,
Tongue thou must be still,
for she will not heare thee speake.
Then with sighs goe prooue her,
Let them shew I loue her,
gracious *Venus* be my guide:
But though I complaine me,
She will still disdain me,
beauty is so full of pride.

What though she be faire?
speake, and feare not speeding,
Be she nere so coy,
yet she may be wunne:
Vnto her repaire,
where her Flocks are feeding;
Sit and tick and toy
till set be the Sunne.

Sunne

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sunne then being set,
Feare not *Vulcanes* net,
though that *Mars* therein was caught:
If she doo denie
Thus to her replie
Venus lawes she must be taught.

Then with kisses moue her,
That's the way to prooue her,
thus thy *Phillis* must be wone:
She will not forsake thee,
But her Loue will make thee,
When Loues duty once is done.

Happie shall I be,
If she graunt me fauour,
Else for loue I die
Phillis is so faire:
Boldly then goe see,
thou maist quickly haue her,
Though she should denie,
yet doo not despaire.
She is full of pride,
Venus be my guide,
helpe a fillie Sheepheards speede:
Vse no such delay,
Sheepheard, goe thy way,
venture man and doo the deede.

I will sore complaine me,
Say that loue hath slaine thee,
if her fauours doo not feede:]
But take no deniall,
Stand vpon thy triall,
spare to speake, and want of speede.

FINIS. I. G.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis.

Venus faire did ride,
siluer Doves they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds
ere the Sunne did rise:
Vestaes beautie rich
opend wide to view her,
Philomel records
pleasing Harmonies.
Euery bird of spring
cheerefully did sing,
Paphos Goddesse they salute:
Now *Loues* Queene so faire,
had of mirth no care,
for her Sonne had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
when her eyes beheld a boy:
Adonis was he named,
By his Mother shamed,
yet he now is *Venus* ioy.

Him alone she met,
ready bound for hunting,
Him she kindly greetes,
and his iourney stayes:
Him she seekes to kisse
no deuises wanting,
Him her eyes still wooe,
him her tongue still prayes.
He with blushing red
Hangeth downe the head,
not a kisse can he afford:
His face is turn'd away,
Silence sayd her nay,
still she woo'd him for a word.

Speake

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Speake shee said thou fairest,
Beautie thou impairest,
see mee, I am pale and wan:
Louers all adore mee,
I for loue implore thee,
christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heere-with shee forc'd
to come sit downe by her,
Shee his necke embrac'de
gazing in his face:
Hee like once transformd
stir'd no looke to eye her
Euery hearbe did wooe him
growing in that place.
Each bird with a dittie,
prayed him for pittie
in behalfe of beauties Queene:
Waters gentle murmour,
craued him to loue her,
yet no liking could be scene.
Boy shee sayd, looke on mee,
Still I gaze vpon thee,
speake I pray thee my delight:
Coldly hee replyed,
And in breefe denyed,
to bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young,
to be wunne by beauty,
Tender are my yeeres
I am yet a bud:
Fayre thou art, shee said
then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a blossome
to effect my good.
Euery beauteous flower,
boasteth in my power,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Byrds and beasts my lawes effect:
Mirra thy faire mother,
most of any other,
did my louely hests respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be required,
euery Nymph on thee shall tend:
All the Gods shall loue thee,
Man shall not reprove thee,
Loue himselfe shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee *Venus*,
I am not disposed,
Thou wring'st mee too hard,
pre-thee let me goe:
Fie, what a paine it is
thus to be enclosed,
If loue begin with labour,
it will end in woe.
kisse mee, I will leaue,
heere a kisse receiue,
a short kisse I doe it find:
Wilt thou leaue me so?
yet thou shalt not goe,
breathe once more thy balmie wind.
It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee,
neuer was perfume so sweet:
When she had thus spoken,
Shee gaue him a token,
and theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now hee sayd, let's goe,
harke, the hounds are crying,
Grieffe Boare is vp,
Huntf-men follow fast:
At the name of Boare,
Venus seemed dying,

Deadly

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Deadly coloured pale,

Roses ouer-cast.

Speake sayd shee, no more,
off following the Boare,
thou vnfit for such a chase :

Course the fearefull Hare,
Venson doe not spare,
if thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.

Shun the Boare I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee,
herein he vowed to please her minde,
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth shee him discharged,
forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus Steedes
in the West retained,
Hunting sport was past,
Loue her loue did seeke :
Sight of him too soone
gentle Queene shee gained,
On the ground he lay
blood had left his cheeke.
For an orped Swine,
smit him in the groyne,
deadly wound his death did bring :
Which when *Venus* found,
shee fell in a swoond,
and awakte, her hands did wring.
Nymphs and Satires skipping,
Came together tripping,
Eccho euery cry exprest :
Venus by her power,
Turnd him to a flower,
which shee weareth in her creast.

FINIS.

H. C.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Thirsis the Shepheard his deaths song.

T *Hirsis* to die desired,
marking her eyes that to his hart was neereſt :
And ſhee that with his flame no leſſe was fiered,
ſayd to him : Oh hart's loue deereſt :
Alas, forbear to die now,
By thee I liue, by thee I wiſh to die too.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
wherewith to die poore loue then hee haſted,
Thinking it death while hee his lookes maintained,
full fixed on her eyes, full of pleaſure,
and louely Nectar ſweet from them he taſted.
His daintie Nymph, that now at hand eſpyed
the harueſt of loues treaſure,
Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and waſted :
I die now,
The Shepheard then replyed,
and I ſweet life doe die too.

Thus theſe two Louers fortunately dyed,
Of death ſo ſweet, ſo happy, and ſo deſired :
That to die ſo againe their life retired.

FINIS.

*Out of Maiſter N. Young
his Muſica Tranſalpina.*

¶ Another Stanza added after.

T *Hirsis* enioyed the graces,
Of *Chloris* ſweet embraces,
Yet both theyr ioyes were ſcanted :
For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
Wherewith kinde *Cynthia* in the heauen that ſhined,
her nightly vail reſigned,
and her faire face diſcloſed.
Then each from others lookes ſuch ioy deriued :
That both with meere delight dyed, and reuiued.

FINIS.

Out of the ſame.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Another Sonet thence taken.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
with flowers and hearbs, which Winters frost exileth :
Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
Flora the Garlands white and red compileth:
Fields doo reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth :
The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
and heauie sighs which from my hart she straineth
That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
so that singing of birds, and spring-times flowring :
And Ladies loue that mens affection gaineth,
are like a Desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.

FINIS.

g The Sheepheards slumber.

IN Pescod time, when Hound to horne,
gives eare till Buck be kild:
And little Lads with pipes of corne,
fate keeping beasts a field.
I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaues full faire :
And parcht my face with Phæbus so,
in walking in the ayre.
That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all ouer-clad :
And there I met the straungest dreame,
that euer Sheepheard had.
Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
each reuell all and some :

Z. 3.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And euery thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
in silence passe they shall :
Because I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But *Venus* shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdaine :
Did feed vpon the harts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares :
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more harts at call,
then *Cesar* could commaund :
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe heere, another there,
in bushes as they groane ;
I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth *Honest Meaning*) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare :
When thou hast wounded many a man,
as Hunts-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph so ?
thy Mother wills it not :
For she had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou shouldst play the sot.
What faucie merchant speaketh now,
sayd *Venus* in her rage :
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
I gouerne euery age ?
My Sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
to me the boy is bound :
He neuer found a hart so chaste,
but he had power to wound,

Not

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Not so faire Goddess (quoth *Free-will*),
in me there is a choise :
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
to thee, or to thy Sonne :
Such recompence I ought not haue,
if things be rightly done.
Why foole stept forth *Delight*, and said,
when thou art conquer'd thus :
Then loe dame *Lust*, that wanton maide,
thy Mistresse is iwas.
And *Lust* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where she goes :
She creepes the milk-warme flesh so neere,
she hides her vnder close.
Where many priuie thoughts doo dwell,
a heauen heere on earth :
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
they thinke so much on mirth.
Be still *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good Sport*,
let *Cupid* triumph make :
For sure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.
Faire *Beautie*, and her play-seares gay,
the virgins *Vestalles* too :
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo,
If *Honest Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay :
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth *Will*) this your deuice,
with straungenes must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be sought :
With scowling browes their follies check,
and so giue them the Fig :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let *Fancie* be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big.
When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
to murther women so :
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst.
and in their steps a wight :
Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,
so vgly was the sight.
I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selues in hast :
For if that men so wilfull be,
and haue their thoughts so chaste ;
And they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
and march on *Venus* face :
Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest.
when you shall waile your case.
With that had *Venus* all in spight,
stir'd vp the Dames to ire :
And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white,
sate babling with *Desire*.
Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
much whispering there arose :
The day did lower, the Sunne wext darke,
away each Lady goes.
But whether went this angry flock,
our Lord him-selfe doth know :
Where-with full lowdly crewe the Cock,
and I awaked so.
A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe :
I gage my head, such toyes as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

IN wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:
For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
Part of my paine me seemes engraued lies.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
In climbing steepe, now hard refusall show:
The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
And stately hils disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caues, now restlesse visions giue,
In dales I see each way a hard assent:
Like late mowne Meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
Alas, sweet Brookes, doe in my teares augment.
Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades brookes aunswer mee:
Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney,

Of disdainfull Daphne.

Shall I say that I loue you,
Daphne disdainfull?
Sore it costs as I proue you,
louing is painfull.

Shall I say what doth greeue mee?
Louers lament it:
Daphne will not relecue mee,
late I repent it.

Shall I dye, shall I perrish,
through her vnkindnes?
Loue vntaught loue to cherrish,
sheweth his blindnes.

Shall the hills, shall the valleyes,
the fieldes the Cittie,

A a

With

ENGLANDS HELICON.

With the sound of my out-cries,
moue her to pittie?

The deepe falls of fayre Riuers,
and the windes turning :
Are the true musique giuers,
vnto my mourning.

Where my flocks daily feeding,
pining for sorrow :
At their maisters hart bleeding,
shot with Loues arrow.

From her eyes to my hart-string,
was the shaft launced :
It made all the woods to ring,
by which it glaunced.

When this Nimph had vsde me so,
then she did hide her :
Haplesse I did *Daphne* know,
haplesse I spyed her.

Thus Turtle-like I waild me,
for my loues loosing :
Daphnes trust thus did faile me,
woe worth such chusing.

FINIS.

M. H. Nowell.

¶ The passionate Sheepheard to his loue.

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue.
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Shepheards feede theyr flocks,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold:
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Shepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

FINIS.

Chr. Marlowe.

¶ The Nymphs reply to the Shepheard.

IF all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

A a. 2.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The flowers doe fade, & wanton fieldes,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In follie ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Iuig buddes,
Thy Corall claspes and Amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ Another of the same nature, made since.

Come liue with mee, and be my deere,
And we will reuell all the yeere,
In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skreene:
Least *Phœbus* kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
Where siluer sands, and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There

ENGLANDS HELICON.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throates,
Possesse vwoods Ecchoes with sweet noates,
Which to your sences will impart,
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Dones wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread:
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie:
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loues play:
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your presence to Loues Paradise,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Then come with me, and be my Deare:
And we will strait begin the yeare.

FINIS.

Ignoro.

The Wood-mans walke.

THrough a faire Forrest as I went
vpon a Sommers day,
I met a Wood-man queint and gent,
yet in strange aray.
I meruail'd much at his disguise,
whom I did know so well:
But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
his minde he gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
but list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to suruay
what I shall shew to thee.
Long liu'd I in this Forrest faire,
till wearie of my weale:
Abroade in walks I would repaire,
as now I will reueale.
My first dayes walke was to the Court,
where Beautie fed mine eyes:
Yet found I that the Courtly sport,
did maske in slie disguise.
For falshood fate in fairest lookes,
and friend to friend was coy:
Court-fauour fill'd but empty bookes,
and there I found no ioy.
Desert went naked in the cold,
when crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheapely bought and sold,
but none that stood in sted,
Wit was imployed for each mans owne,
plaine meaning came too short:

All

ENGLANDS HELICON.

All these deuises scene and knowne,
made me forsake the Court.
Vnto the Citty next I went,
in hope of better hap :
Where liberally I launch'd and spent,
as set on Fortunes lap.
The little stock I had in store,
me thought would nere be done :
Friends flockt about me more and more,
as quickly lost as wone.
For when I spent, they then were kinde,
but when my purse did faile :
The formost man came last behinde,
thus loue with wealth doth quaille.
Once more for footing yet I stroue,
although the world did frowne :
But they before that held me vp,
together troad me downe.
And least once more I should arise,
they sought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
and thence I stole away.
And in my minde (me thought) I saide,
Lord blesse me from the Cittie :
Where simplenes is thus betraide,
and no remorse or pittie.
Yet would I not giue ouer so,
but once more trie my fate :
And to the Country then I goe,
to liue in quiet state.
There did appeare no subtile shewes,
but yea and nay went smoothly :
But Lord how Country-folks can glose,
when they speake most soothly.
More craft was in a buttond cap,
and in an old wities rayle :
Then in my life it was my hap,
to see on Downe or Dale.

There

ENGLANDS HELICON.

There was no open forgerie,
 but vnder-handed gleaning :
 Which they call Country pollicie,
 but hath a worser meaning.
 Some good bold-face beares out the wrong,
 because he gaines thereby :
 The poore mans back is crackt ere long,
 yet there he lets him lye.
 And no degree among them all,
 but had such close intending :
 That I vpon my knees did fall,
 and prayed for their amending.
 Back to the vwoods I got againe,
 in minde perplexed fore :
 Where I found ease of all this paine,
 and meane to stray no more.
 There, Citty, Court, nor Country too,
 can any way annoy me :
 But as a vwood-man ought to doo,
 I freely may imploy me.
 There liue I quietly alone,
 and none to trip my talke :
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 think on the Wood-mans walke.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

¶ *Thirfis the Shepheard, to his Pipe.*

Like Desert woods, with darke some shades obscured,
 Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
 Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow payneth,

The Trees are fatall shaft, to death innred,
 That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow wayneth.

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth:
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.*

*The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth:
To coole the heate, the helpelesse hart containeth.*

*But shafts, but cares, but sighs, horrors unrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded:
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph.

Vertue, beauty, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
My hart, eyes, cares, with wonder, loue, delight:
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, shewes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might.

*Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possesst, my iudgement, sence, and will;
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to break, defile, and kill.*

*Then greefe, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue shunne, refraine.*

*For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease:
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Shepheard
and his Nymph.*

S Hall we goe daunce the hay ? The hay ?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Shepheards Roundelay.

Shall we goe sing the Song ? The Song ?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong :
faire Maides hold hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo ? To woo ?
Neuer thought came euer too,
better deede could better doo.

Shall we goe learne to kisse ? To kisse ?
Neuer hart could euer misse
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at bafe they run, They run,
When the sport was scarce begun :
but I wakt, and all was done.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

A Another of the same.

S Ay that I should say, I loue ye ?
would you say, tis but a saying ?
But if Loue in prayers mooue ye ?
will you not be moou'd with praying ?

Think I think that Loue should know ye ?
will you thinke, tis but a thinking ?
But if Loue the thought doo show ye,
will ye loose your eyes with winking ?

Write

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Write that I doo write you blessed,
will you write, tis but a writing?
But if truth and Loue confesse it:
will ye doubt the true enditing?

No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
write, and thinke, and say your pleasure:
Loue, and truth, and I endite it,
you are blessed out of measure.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

g The Shepheards conceite of Prometheus.

Prometheus, when first from heauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnscene:
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gaue it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene.

Feeling forth-with the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shoutes and shriekings shrill:
He sought his ease in Riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his greefe went with him still.

So silly I, with that vnwonted sight,
In humane shape, an Angell from aboue:
Feeding mine eyes, th'impression there did light,
That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue.
The difference is, the Satires lips, my hart:
He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Another, of the same.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
with sound of horne, which he him-selfe did blow :
Fearing, and feared thus, from him-selfe he fled,
deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Such causelesse feares, when coward minds doo take,
it makes them flee that, which they faine would haue :
As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
thinking not why, but how him-selfe to saue.

Even thus mought I, for doubts which I conceane
of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray :
And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
the sweet pursute of my desired pray.
Better like I thy Satire, dearest Dyer :
Who burnt his lips, to kisse faire shining fier.

F 7 N I S.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ The Shepheards Sunne.

FAire Nymphs, sit ye heere by me,
on this flowrie Greene :
While we this merrie day doo see,
some things but sildome scene.
Shepheards all, now come sit a-round,
on yond checquerd plaine :
While from the vwoods we heere resound,
some come for Loues paine.
Euery bird sits on his bowe,
As brag as he that is the best :
Then sweet Loue, reueale howe
our minds may be at rest !

Ecchoe

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Eccho thus replied to mee,
Sit vnder yonder Beechen tree,
And there Loue shall shew thee
how all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke the Nightingale,
in her mourning lay :

Shee tells her stories wofull tale,
to warne yee if shee may.

Faire maydes, take yee heede of loue,
it is a perlous thing :

As *Philomele* her selfe did proue,
abused by a King.

If Kings play false, beleeue no men,
That make a seemely outward show :
But caught once, beware then,
for then begins your woe.

They will looke babies in your eyes,
And speake so faire as faire may be :
But trust them in no wise,
example take by mee.

Fie, fie, said the Threstle-cocke,
you are much too blame :

For one mans fault, all men to blot,
impayring theyr good name.

Admit you were vsde amisse,
by that vngentle King,

It followes not that you for this,
should all mens honours wring.

There be good, and there be bad,
And some are false, and some are true :
As good choyse is still had
amongst vs men, as you.

Women haue faultes as well as wee,
Some say for our one, they haue three.

Then smite not, nor bite not,
when you as faultie be.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Peace, peace, quoth Madge-Howlet then,
sitting out of sight:

For women are as good as men,
and both are good alike.

Not so, said the little Wrenne,
difference there may be:

The Cocke alway commaunds the Henne,
then men shall goe for mee.

Then Robbin-Redbreast stepping in,
Would needs take vp this tedious strife,
Protesting, true-louing,

In eyther lengthened life.

If I loue you, and you loue mee,

Can there be better harmonie?

Thus ending, contending,

Loue must the vmpire be.

Faire Nymphs, Loue must be your guide,
chast, vnspotted loue:

To such as doe your thralles betyde,
resolu'de without remoue.

Likewise iolly Shepheard Swaines
if you doe respect,

The happy issue of your paines,
true loue must you direct.

You heare the birds contend for loue,

The bubling springs do sing sweet loue,

The Mountaines and Fountaines

do Eccho nought but loue.

Take hands then Nymphes & Shepheards all,

And to this Riuer musiques fall

Sing true loue, and chast loue

begins our Festiuall.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonies VI*



ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Colin the enamoured Sheeheard, singeth this passion
of loue.

-O Gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
thou makest my hart,
a bloodie marke,
With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft sweete Loue, for feare thou shoote amisse,
for feare too keene,
thy arrowes beene :
And hit the hart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
shall be so blest,
among the rest :
That loue shal ceaze on her by simpathy.

Then since with Loue my prayers beare no boote,
this doth remaine,
to ease my paine,
I take the wound, and die at *Venus* foote.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

g Oenones complaint in blanke verse.
M *Elpomene* the Muse of tragicke songs,
With mournfull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Assist a fillie Nimphe to waile her woe,
And leaue thy lustie company behind.

This lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
The Poplar tree for tryumph of my loue,
Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left;
Be thou vnclloathed of thy louely greene.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle winde let blow abroad,
That all the world may see, how false of loue,
False *Paris* hath to his *Oenone* beene.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

g The Shepheards Consort.

HArke iollie Shepheards,
harke yond lustie ringing :
How cheerefully the bells daunce,
the whilst the Lads are springing ?
Goe we then, why sit we here delaying :
And all yond mery wanton lasses playing ?
How gailie *Flora* leades it,
and sweetly treads it ?
The woods and groaues they ring,
louely resounding :
With Ecchoes sweet rebounding.

FINIS.

Out of Ma. Morleys Madrigals.



